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THE MAKING OF A MONUMENT.

We design and execute descriptions of monu-
ments in the best and most appropriate
style, employing material which experience
has shown to be best fitted to retain its color
and quality.
We solicit an interview on the subject.

Thomas G. Lester,

Shop and Yard
No. 2 Water Street.

SNOW SHOVELS. SLEIGH BELLS AXES. SKATES

Try one of our new Safety Razors.

Rider & Cotton

68 MARKET STREET.

NEW HAMPSHIRE EXCHANGE CLUB.

Many Portsmouth People Have En-
rolled Themselves As Members.

The New Hampshire Exchange
club, the organization recently sug-
gested by former Governor Frank W.
Rollins is an assured reality. In-
vitations have been issued calling for
charter members. A little folder
which accompanies the invitation
states the purposes and ideas of the
club.

The list of those people of the state
already signed as members of the
club includes the following: Gov. N.
J. Bachelder, Frank W. Rollins,
Hiram A. Tuttle, David H. Goodell,
Charles H. Sawyer, Jacob H. Gallin-
ger, Henry E. Burnham, William E.
Chandler, Frank D. Currier, Edgar
Albright, William M. Chase, Frank
N. Parsons, George A. Bingham, W.
J. Tucker, Edwin G. Eastman, Win-
ston Churchill, James O. Lyford,
Charles S. Munkland, Frank S. Street-
er, Harry G. Sargent, E. N. Pearson,
William F. Thayer, Henry B. Quin-
by, James S. Taft, Henry F. Hollis,
Harry H. Dudley, J. Milner Colt, J. H.
Cott, Jr., F. A. Stillings, Solon A. Car-
ter, A. B. Woodworth, Henry W. Stev-
ens, George H. Moses, David Cross,
G. Byron Chandler, Elmer W. Nut-
ting, John J. Lyons, O. E. Branch,
Perry H. Dow, E. L. Kimball, John
A. Spalding, W. A. Spalding, G. F.
Hammond, A. G. Whittemore, C. H.
Fish, J. F. Seavey, Charles F. Saw-
yer, A. F. Howard, Calvin Page, True
L. Norris, John Pender, Edwin D.
Mead, Thomas W. Proctor, William
P. Fowler, Lucius Tuttle, Frank B.
Stevens, E. B. Hale, W. J. Forsyth,
Sherman L. Whipple, Charles H.
Greenleaf, Charles U. Bell, C. W. Gay,
Winslow T. Perkins, R. R. Kimball,
Sumner Wallace, Daniel C. Remick,
William H. C. Follansby, W. A.
Barron, Daniel B. Ruggles, Jeremiah
Smith, Jr., Montgomery Rollins, Ed-
win DeMerritte, George E. DeMerritte,
George M. Clough, John L. Gilmore,
H. G. Pender, Harold Murdock, W.
H. Seavey, Forrest S. Smith, Weld
A. Rollins, James B. Reynolds, John
Glover, Frank A. Merrill, Edward E.
Pecker, G. W. Cox, C. P. Chase,
Charles E. Cooper, Thomas H. Van
Dyke, R. N. Chamberlin, Joseph Q.
Hobbs, Richard Pattee, James R. Ten-
nant, Charles F. Piper, Scott Sloane,
George A. Marden, Walter T. Moore,
Herbert L. Allen, John McLane,
Frank E. Kaley, J. W. Kelley, Her-
bert B. Dow, S. S. Jewett, Kate L.
Sanborn, Edna Dean Proctor, Mrs.
Frank W. Rollins, Mrs. F. S. Street-
er, Mrs. Henry W. Stevens, Mrs. D.
C. Remick, Annie Sanford Head, Liz-
zie B. Philbrick, Helen C. Pender.

HARVARD TEAM SUSPENDED.

The Crimson Basket Ball Five Under
the Ban of the A. A. U.

The Harvard basketball team has
been placed under suspension by the
Metropolitan association of the A. A.
U. Secretary A. J. Lill, Jr., of the
basket ball committee of the N. E. A.
A. U. announced Monday evening that
the Crimson team and the Washing-
ton Continental basket ball team,
with which Harvard competed at
Schenectady, N. Y., on Saturday last,
were placed under the ban.

The Schenectady team was warned
by the Metropolitan division not to
play the Harvard team, and because
of its doing so, it was dis-
qualified. Other games were sched-
uled by the Harvard team to be
played in various parts of New York
state, but because of the notification
sent out by the Metropolitan division
they had to be canceled.

The Keene A. C. of Keene, N. H.,
has also been suspended.

SHORT TONS AND CORDS.

Claim That There is Trouble This
Way in Many Places.

There has recently been considera-
ble discussion relative to "short"
tons of coal and cords of wood, that
it is claimed are in some instances
being delivered to customers in vari-
ous parts of the state. The complaint
is especially with regard to wood, the
claim being made that the amount deliv-
ered for a cord frequently falls
short of the legal quantity. One in-
stance is related where the actual
amount of wood delivered for a cord
was only eighty feet. The statute
provides a penalty of \$5 per cord for
wood exposed for sale before it has
been measured by a public measurer
of wood and a ticket has been deliv-

ered to the driver certifying the quan-
tity which the load contains, the
name of the driver and his residence.
If any person has a reason to believe
that the correct amount of coal is not
being delivered, the matter can be de-
termined by making complaint to the
sealer of weights and measures, who
is authorized by law to stop a coal
team on the street, or wherever
found, and direct the person in charge
to drive to a scale, where the sealer
can weigh the load. After the coal is
delivered the sealer can compel the
driver to return to the scale for the
weighing of the wagon for the tare.
There is a penalty of a fine of not
more than \$1000 for fraud or deceit in
weighing, selling or delivering coke,
charcoal or coal.

The claim is made that in some in-
stances wood is being delivered in
wagons supposed to have a capacity
of a cord, but that the person deliver-
ing the wood put it in so loosely
that the actual amount falls far short,
and also that the length of the wood
is often shortened so that the amount,
while appearing to be full measure,
will fall far below it.

FOR THE SMOKERS.

Their Needs Will Be Recognized At
The Navy Yards.

Smokers' needs are soon to be rec-
ognized in a new and novel manner at
the Charlestown navy yard. Within
the last two or three years the regu-
lation limits have been growing
more and more strict, owing to the
fact that the great plant has been
constantly expanding and the danger
from fire more to be feared. Now the
rules are so strict that officers are
not permitted to smoke in their own
offices. However, they do not feel the
effects of the rule as severely as the
mechanics and laborers who are de-
prived of their noonday pipe or cigar,
unless they choose to stand outside
on the streets and smoke, which, of
course, no considerable number of
them care to do. Soon all of this is
to be changed and the news will
bring gladness to hundreds of the
government's employees, not only at
the Charlestown navy yard, but at all
other navy yards and stations, for if
the experiment to be tried there is
a success, it is more than likely that
it will be adopted elsewhere.

Naval Constructor William J. Bax-
ter, who is at the head of the depart-
ment of construction and repair, and
who is always seeking for a chance
to help the workmen under him, has
succeeded in getting the consent of
the navy department to authorize
him to remodel the two brick build-
ings now used by the plumbers and
galvanizers at the Charlestown yard
into luncheon and smoking rooms for
the workmen. The galvanizers' shop,
the smaller of the two buildings, will
be fitted up with stoves and boilers,
where the men will have a chance to
prepare coffee or warm cold food. In
the larger shop there will be tables
and seats where they will have a
chance to sit down and eat. Lockers
and shelves are also to be provided
for clothes and luncheon boxes. With-
in these two buildings the men will
be permitted to smoke as much as
they please. In fact, everything pos-
sible will be done to make them
comfortable at noon time. As soon as
the plumbers and galvanizers can be
moved into their new quarters in the
metal workers' shop, at the lower end
of the yard, the work of fitting up the
luncheon and smoking rooms is to
begin, and they should be ready for
use within a couple of months.

Three years ago accommodations for
smokers were provided at the
Portsmouth navy yard, and their
comfort and convenience were pro-
vided for, until it became necessary to
demolish the building used by them,
to make room for a larger one de-
signed for other purposes.

SOUTH ELIOT.

South Eliot, Me., Jan. 28.
George Nelson, one of our oldest
residents, is quite ill.

The steamer Queen City, which has
been laid up for repairs, has resumed
her usual trips from this place to
Portsmouth and the navy yard.

A large party attended The Show
Girl in Portsmouth. "A bright, pleas-
ing place," was the general verdict.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Robinson
are entertaining their son-in-law, Mr.
Snyder.

Sleighbing will soon be a thing of
the past, unless we have some more
snow.

The ice crop is now being stored
away.

RANDOM GOSSIP.

One of the most celebrated artists
in Boston went to see Miss Henrietta
Crossman in The Sword of the King
one night during a recent engage-
ment at the Tremont theatre. The
following night he again came to the
theatre. An acquaintance who saw
him there asked why he came to see
the play the second time. His reply
was that he would enjoy seeing Miss
Crossman every night in the week, but
that furthermore in The Sword of the
King, the scenery and costumes
were so beautiful and rich that he
wished to study them anew the sec-
ond time. He said he had never
seen stage settings so perfect in at-
mosphere.

A man left his umbrella in the
stand in a hotel recently with a card
bearing the following inscription at-
tached to it:

"This umbrella belongs to a man
who can deal a blow of 250 pounds
weight. I shall be back in ten min-
utes."

On returning to seek his property he
found in its place a card thus in-
scribed:

"This card was left here by a man
who can run twelve miles an hour. I
shall not be back!"

The mean man has been at it
again. He recently said to his chil-
dren, "Who will take a bright new
ten cent piece and go to bed without
his supper?" The kids took the
money, the first they had ever seen,
and went to bed. The next morning,
he said, "Who will give ten cents for
a nice warm breakfast?" and they
all gave up the money and rushed for
the table.

One of the funniest sallies during
the speech making at the New Eng-
land Street Railway association's
banquet at the Somerset in Boston,
the other night, was made by H. M.
Putney, chairman of the board of
New Hampshire railroad commission-
ers, when he said the reason there
were not more trolley systems in New
Hampshire was because nearly every-
body used the steam railroads and
rode on legislative passes.

Here's sentiment for you! One
woman still cherishes a little candy
heart given her over forty-five years
ago, by her lover, who soon after be-
came and has since remained her de-
voted husband.

"Talking about bets," said the
man with the cinnamon beard, "re-
minds me that when I was a good-
sized chunk of a boy I won five dol-
lars by eating four big squash pies."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the man
with the retreating chin; "how could
you hold 'em all?"

"Well, I held them till I got the
money."

"What is your name?" inquired the
justice.

"Pete Smith," responded the va-
grant.

"What occupation?" continued the
court.

"Oh, nothing much at present; just
circulating round."

"Retired from circulation for thirty
days," pronounced the court dryly.

Here's a good story that Lewis Mor-

ison, of Faust fame, is telling his au-
dience, when they call him before
the curtain for a speech:

At one time, when in the last scene
he was supposed to drop into the
bottomless pit, as Margaret and
Faust were carried into heaven on the
wings of the angels, the trapdoor re-
fused to work after he had descend-
ed to the distance that only his head
and red feather were in view, and a
voice from the audience was heard
saying:

"Hully gee, hell is so full there
a'n't room for even one more."

KITTERY.

Kittery, Me., Jan. 28.

John Neal of Boston is in town to-
day to attend the funeral of his grand-
mother, Mrs. Ann Neal.

Mrs. William Gerrish and daughter,
Mildred, of Pride's Crossing are the
guests of relatives in town.

A. E. Blake has the contract to
build a house for N. H. Howe on Otis
avenue. Mr. Howe has the founda-
tion all ready. Mr. Blake will also
build a new house for Clarence Chick
at Kittery Junction.

Monday was the fifty-third anni-
versary of the dedication of the First
Christian church.

Rev. John G. Dutton has complet-
ely recovered from his recent severe
illness at his home in Westbury, R.
I., which will be pleasant news to his
many friends here.

The second degree was exempli-
fied at the meeting of Constitution
 lodge, No. 88, K. of P., last evening.

The West End Whist club met at
the home of Mrs. Lizzie Dunbar last
evening and the members thoroughly
enjoyed the evening. The first prize
was won by Mrs. Edith Green, Mrs.
Sadie Chaney took the second, and
Mrs. Lizzie Dunbar was satisfied with
the booty.

Miss Etta Hepworth is quite ill at
her home on Otis avenue.

GREAT SHOE CENTER.

Draw a line straight from Boston
to Haverhill, thence down the Merri-
mac to Newburyport, and along the
coast to Brockton, and the triangle in-
closes the greatest shoemaking dis-
trict in the world, and Lynn is its
heart.

Move the city of Brockton into this
triangle and the inclosed district
makes nearly half the shoes pro-
duced in this country. Lynn made
last year, according to the most reli-
able estimates, 24,000,000 pairs of
shoes, Brockton 17,000,000 and Haver-
hill 12,000,000. Lynn leads the world
in women's shoes, Brockton in men's
and Haverhill in low cuts.

So it is seen that the battle of the
labor organizations, the boot and
shoe workers' union and the Knights
of Labor, spreading into these three
districts, is about the thrones of the
shoe world.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.

"Mythic Cure" for Rheumatism and
Neuralgia radically cured in 1 to 3
days. Its action upon the system is
remarkable and mysterious. It re-
moves at once the cause and the dis-
ease immediately disappears. The
first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents &
\$1.00. Sold by Geo. Hill, Druggist,
Portsmouth.

POTS - AND - KETTLES

AND WHERE TO BUY THEM.

Also the BEST BLUE AGATE WARE, White
Porcelain Lined, and GREY AGATE WARE
in all forms of COOKING UTENSILS. These
all give substantial service.

NICKEL PLATED WARE for Kitchen Use and
for the Bath Room.

CLOTHES WRINGERS of Reliable Value.

FOR THE BEST LINES OF SUCH GOODS BUY OF

GEO. B. FRENCH CO.

A FEW BRIGHT ONES.

Pa Was in the Way.

"Thunder and guns!" exclaimed the
old gentleman as he was given the
bill for his only daughter's last gown.
"but you cost a pile of money."

"Well, papa," she replied demurely,
"if you wouldn't sit in the back par-
lor with the door open when I am en-
tertaining Mr. Binkley in the front
parlor, you'd stand a better chance
of getting rid of the expense."

He Struck Too Often.

Mrs. Kelly—"Does your husband
get good pay, Mrs. Rooney?"

Mrs. Rooney—"Well, he would,
Mrs. Kelly, if it wasn't for shirking
so often for better pay."

Probably Some Other Kind.

Hairdresser—"Hair begins to get
very thin, sir."

Customer—"Yes."

Hairdresser—"Have you tried our
tonic lotion?"

Customer—"Yes. That didn't do it,
though."

He Had An Eye For Them.

Brown—"Gayboy attends the opera
so regularly, has he an ear for mu-
sic?"

Green—"No, but he has an eye for
shoulders."

A Strenuous "Kid."

"I hope you never talk back when
naughty boys call you bad names?"

"No, ma'am. I'm a little tongue
tied. I always hit 'em with a rock."

Very Likely.

If one-half of the world knew how
the other half lives it would be sur-
prised that there are not more di-
vorce cases.

ELIOT.

Eliot, Me., Jan. 28.

The funeral services of Miss Mar-
tha F. Walker were held Monday af-
ternoon at the Congregational vestry,
the pastor, Rev. Mr. Newton, officiat-
ing. Musical selections were ren-
dered by a quartet consisting of Mrs.
Newton, Mrs. Plasted, Mr. Newton
and Mr. Teague. Interment was made
in Mt. Pleasant cemetery under di-
rection of Undertaker H. W. Nickerson
of Portsmouth.

"Neglected colds make fat grave-
yards." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine
Syrup helps men and women to a
happy, vigorous old age.

When in Exeter

— TRY A —

DINNER

— AT THE —

SQUAMSCOTT HOUSE.

N. S. WILLEY, PROPRIETOR,
EXETER, N. H.

POTS - AND - KETTLES

AND WHERE TO BUY THEM.

Also the BEST BLUE AGATE WARE, White
Porcelain Lined, and GREY AGATE WARE
in all forms of COOKING UTENSILS. These
all give substantial service.

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For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news? Read the Herald.
More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 28, 1903.

THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS.

The probable and logical reason for the German attack on Fort San Carlos was a wish to "try out" the new German navy. It has come to be accepted as a fact that Germany is a naval power, but she has never yet had an opportunity to prove herself one. The only real experience the German fighting fleet has ever had was that at Maracibo.

It cannot be said that the result of that little skirmish with the Venezuelan fort was particularly creditable to Germany. It did not show her to be very formidable in naval warfare and the German officers and sailors have no reason to be proud of their achievement. If the German gunners have demonstrated anything, it is that they need lots of practice.

If the people of the United States ever feared the result of a possible conflict with Germany, the affair at Fort San Carlos should go far toward setting their fears at rest. Had the Panther, the Vinta and the Falke been called upon to stand the fire of American guns, manned by American gunners, they would not now be above water. If Germany ever had any idea of testing the Monroe doctrine, the recent experience on the Venezuelan blockade should be sufficient to teach her caution.

It is not recorded that American ships ever remained three whole days before an insignificant fort, peppering it every moment of daylight, without silencing it. The moral to be drawn from the San Carlos incident is plain. Germany has good enough ships and good enough guns, but, as was the case with Spain, the men behind the guns are not of the right sort.

TIMELY COMMENT.

Sometimes a man has to work so hard to get into the United States senate that he seems too tired to do very much after he arrives.—Washington Star.

If Venezuela had been as big and strong as the United States would the Panther have found it absolutely necessary to destroy Fort San Carlos.—Boston Globe.

This Salvation Army movement to save rich men is interesting. Will it undertake to enlarge the eye of the needle, or reduce the hump on the camel?—Boston Globe.

The statesmen at the national capital will do well to remember that the supreme object to be sought in anti-trust legislation is neither the prevention of a special session of congress nor the achievement of personal glory by any particular one of their number.—Portland Advertiser.

A London bacteriologist examined the hem of a woman's skirt and in it found 10,672,000 disease microbes. And if he had kept the result of his microscopic examination to himself the chances are that the woman would have gone on being healthy and happy.—Portland Express.

STORIES OF AMERICAN SAILORS.

As for the sailors' songs, the real thing is no more like the popular idea of a forecastle chanty than a horn-pipe is like the two-step. "Strewing Flowers Over Darling Mother's Grave," and similar airs of a pathetic, almost doleful nature, are most in favor. Diblin's ballads are in vogue, and the stirring old battle

songs of 1812, such as "The Guerriere and the Constitution," which used to be so much in vogue, have long since passed away with the clew-garnets and studding sails, in spite of the efforts of Admiral Luce.

A true son of the sea is a natural born raconteur. Of them there was, once, a jolly, jolly mariner whose sails have long since been furled in the Port of Missing Ships, but whose memory will ever be a landmark in the service of those who sailed with him. A veteran of the Mexican War, he had entered the navy in 1843, and according to his own account, he was a boy on the Somers at the time of the mutiny. His story of the hanging of Midshipman Spencer was doubtless not as accurate as that of Honorable Thomas Benton, but it certainly was more picturesque. He was also stroke or of Commodore Tatnall's barge when that famous old salt pulled through the fire of the Taku forts and told the English Commodore Hope that blood was thicker than water. His adventures in the Civil War were legion, and if he is to be believed, there was no great event of the navy in which he had not borne a prominent part. The men called him "Dick Deadeye." He always kept one eye tightly shut, except when, in emphasizing some unusually remarkable statement, he would flash it for an instant upon his startled listeners. He wore his hair long and brushed down over the fragment of an ear which had been mutilated (he declared) by a saber cut at Fort Fisher.—Lieut. Comdr. Cleaves in the World's Work.

LITERARY NOTES.

Of Lord Macaulay's extraordinary memory and ready absorption of books, Prof. W. E. Simonds has this to say in his recent "Student's History of English Literature." "He knew Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel by heart before he was eight years old. Through life he retained the ability to absorb at a glance, the contents of a page; and what he thus read he never forgot. He declared that if the Paradise Lost and the Pilgrim's Progress were destroyed, he would undertake to replace both from memory. Macaulay's complete writings have been published in an excellent edition by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who are also the publishers of Prof. Simonds' book.

Lynn Roby Meekins, author of "Adam Rush," one of the successful novels of the year, has become chief editor of the Baltimore Herald. He began newspaper work on that paper almost twenty-one years ago. After completing his senior examinations at college he went to Baltimore and got the place. The faculty did not at first want to give him his B. A., for not remaining at the college until commencement week, but it changed its mind. Since then it has made him a master of arts. Before going to Philadelphia to become the managing editor of the Saturday Evening Post, he had been a Baltimore editor seventeen years.

An interesting phase of the life described by Miss Anne H. Wharton in her "Social Life in the Early Republic," recently published, is that with which she illustrates the strength of national inheritance. She tells us how the Washingtons, Fairfaxes, Bassests, and many others were accustomed to visit one another according to the old English custom, and her pictures of the hospitality of those whose figures today are in historical perspective are warm and enticing. Some of them are surprising, too, as when she describes Andrew Jackson seated in an arm-chair wearing a

LOSING FLESH.

Are you losing flesh? If so, better consult your doctor at once. He will tell you the cause. We can provide the remedy, which is Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil.

We have known persons to gain a pound a day, by taking a ounce of the Emulsion.

A young woman in Batavia writes us she had lost twenty-five pounds in three months, and her lungs were seriously affected. She took three bottles of Scott's Emulsion and gained fifteen pounds, and was able to resume her work.

It will cure consumption in its early stages. It is a remarkable flesh producer.

Sold Free Sample.

COTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.

JAS. H. MONTGOMERY, M. D.

In a Carefully Prepared Article recommends Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

In a recent issue of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene, the recognized authority on all matters pertaining to health, James H. Montgomery, M. D., says editorially: "After a careful investigation of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, a specific for kidney, liver and bladder troubles, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation with its attendant ills, we are free to confess that a more meritorious medicine has never come under the examination of the chemical and medical experts of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene. In fact, after the most searching tests and rigid inquiry into the record of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, it becomes a duty to recommend its use in unequivocal terms to every reader of this journal whose complaint comes within the list of ailments which this remedy is advertised to cure. We have obtained such overwhelming proof of the efficacy of this specific—have so satisfactorily demonstrated its curative powers through personal experiments—that a care for the interests of our readers leads us to call attention to this great value."

JAMES H. MONTGOMERY, M. D.
It is for sale by all druggists in the New York State and the regular \$1.00 size bottles—less than a cent's dose.
Sample bottle—worth for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, New York, N. Y.
Dr. David Kennedy's Cherry Balsam best for Colds, Coughs, Consumption. See, No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

long, loose coat, smoking a long reed pipe, and vivid in the malign dignity of patriot, monarch, and an Indian chief." Miss Wharton's pictures are intimate, yet always supported by unimpeachable authority.

"Jimmy Crow," published by Dana Estes and Company, Boston, is a story for wee men and women told by means of rebus illustrations. These tiny pictures in the text number more than four hundred, and are drawn with unusual grace and skill. When the child comes upon a little illustration he knows it stands for a word which he has to supply, and thus familiarizes himself with the names of common objects, and unconsciously enlarges his vocabulary. The two preceding books in this very original and amusing series, "What Did the Black Cat Do?" and "Where Was the Little White Dog?" met with immediate popularity and enjoyed a large sale. "Jimmy Crow" is just as pretty and interesting as either of the others, and possesses the attractions of a story, game, picture-book and puzzle all in one. The adventures of the black crow are related with rare charm and humor, and every boy and girl will come to love this mischievous and yet affectionate playmate of little Jack. Jack is a small boy who caught Jimmy Crow in a pasture when the bird was limping in the bushes, lame in one leg from the effects of a fall from the nest. Jimmy and Jackie are close comrades ever afterward, and share their play and walks and errands and fun. The book tells how Jimmy went to the circus and to school; how he fought with Pepper, the parrot; hid grandmother's needles and the candles for the Christmas tree, and ran away with the cap of his little master. It would be hard to find a story better adapted to the tastes of children from five to eight years of age.

D. Appleton and Company have begun their 1903 campaign with a poster of unusual merit to advertise "The Girl at the Halfway House." The book is by Emerson Hough, Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," and treats of the life with which Mr. Hough is exceptionally familiar—that on the Western plains. The poster is a striking example of silhouette work, and represents three prairie-schooners journeying across the plains at sunset. Two of them are partially below the horizon, and the effect of loneliness and the immensity of the West is strikingly demonstrated.

MINISTERS PROTEST.

They Do Not Want Smoot To Be Admitted To The Senate.

San Francisco, Jan. 27.—The ministers of the Christian churches here have passed resolutions protesting against the acceptance of Reed Smoot, Mormon apostle, as United States senator from Utah.

ROYAL BLUE WRECKED.

Fast Express Train Runs Into A New Jersey Local.

New York, Jan. 27.—The Royal Blue express, west bound, ran into a local train on the Central railroad of New Jersey at Westfield tonight. The engineer and 4 passengers are reported killed and many are injured.

A GOOD ROADS CONVENTION.

Director Dodge Will Attend One in Concord Early Next Month.

A Washington despatch says: "Following in the wake of some of the larger states, the New Hampshire legislature is to hold a good roads convention at Concord on Wednesday, Feb. 4, and all of the people in the state interested in the movement will be invited to attend."

"Through the efforts of Congressman Frank D. Currier of the second New Hampshire district, the two great authorities of the country, Hon. Martin Dodge, director of the office of public road inquiries and of the department of agriculture, and Col. W. H. Moore, president of the National Good Roads Association, of St. Louis, Mo., will be in attendance at the convention, and from them may be expected interesting addresses regarding the movement."

"Director Dodge and Col. Moore are at present in the southwest, and during the present week have addressed a mass meeting held at Little Rock, Ark. They will leave Washington for New Hampshire the first of February, and, following the meeting at Concord, will go to Augusta, Me., where they have been invited by the legislature of that state, upon a similar mission to that of their trip to New Hampshire."

"During the past year the good roads movement has advanced with marked strides, and it is by no means confined to any one locality in the United States. The question is purely an economic one, and good roads will return to a community more than they cost, for by them transportation is made easier and necessarily much cheaper."

"Inquiries regarding good roads and requests for speakers upon the movement are reaching the agricultural department in every mail in large numbers. Oregon and Florida are just now endeavoring to draw the attention of the agricultural department to their needs for public meetings, and the Virginia legislature is also agitating the question of holding another public roads mass meeting."

"Of course, the number of meetings that Director Dodge can personally attend will be very few and far between, but he has consented to make a trip into New England in February."

AN ANECDOTE OF HILDRETH.

Pathetic Incident Which Occurred Many Years Ago.

The following story is told of Detective Clifford B. Hildreth of the Manchester police force. Mr. Hildreth is well known in this city and was for many years proprietor of the Atlantic house at York Beach.

Detective "Cliff" Hildreth has had many experiences in his long official career, some of them are naturally extremely pathetic. One of the latter kind was brought vividly to his mind by the death recently of the father of the ill-fated Josie Langmaid. Hildreth was put to work to find the doer of the dastardly crime and came in frequent contact with Mr. Langmaid. The latter asked Hildreth to tell him where he was satisfied the guilty man was located, but the detective surmised that some sinister purpose was behind the request and did not do so. After LePage's arrest Hildreth was standing with Mr. Langmaid and another man at the door of the court room, where the accused man was to be given a hearing. They had been talking about the affair and Hildreth had expressed his belief in the guilt of LePage. It was necessary for the officers to pass by the three men when they conducted LePage to the court room, and as they came along the corridor, Langmaid's emotion was painful to behold. Finally the other man could contain himself no longer and he said "For God's sake, Cliff, give Langmaid your gun and let him end the business right here!" Hildreth says that he never felt more like allowing a man to mete out just punishment to a criminal, but wisdom prevailed and LePage lived on several months to die eventually on the scaffold.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and its consequences.

THE ODORIFEROUS ONION.

"The onion," said a Congress street grocer, "is undoubtedly the earth's best product. It is a medicine, it is a food and it is a narcotic. I used to be troubled with insomnia. My doctor, an 'osteop,' said: 'Eat a raw onion with a slice of bread every night before retiring.' I did so. I peeled the onion, I put salt on it, and I devoured it with delight, for it was good. I never had insomnia, thereafter. Decidedly and indubitably, a raw onion taken each night will cure the most obstinate and long-standing cases of this disorder. The onion will also draw the poison out of a snake bite. If you are ever bitten by a snake cut an onion in half and

apply it to the wound. The poison will be drawn forth into the onion, which will first turn green, then yellow, then black. In the same way, too, for a bite of a cat or a dog the application of an onion is a good thing. Onions as a food are most nutritious. The lentil comes first of all in this respect, then the pea and then the onion. As a seasoning the onion is as universal and as necessary almost as salt. Soups, sauces, fillings, ragouts—hardly a dish of the unseasoned sort would be palatable but for the humble onion. If the onion cost ate it; poems would be written in its cent's virtue remain unused."

ON THE LICENSE QUESTION.

Everything has been remarkably quiet in police circles for the past week or more. This is regarded by the majority as showing that this city is not as bad as it has been painted by representatives of the northern part of the state, and also that saloons well regulated by the police are far better than kitchen dives and low resorts known to exist when attempts are made at enforcement of the present prohibition law. In this city during the past year, there were less arrests for drunkenness and for other offenses than in any other place of its size in the state, and this considering that Portsmouth is a seaport town, and therefore much more likely to have some of the tough element than are the inland cities. Despite this, everybody here wants a license law passed, and desires to have the city derive some benefit from it, whereas now nothing is obtained.—Portsmouth correspondent Manchester Union.

PAMPHLET BY GEN. GALE.

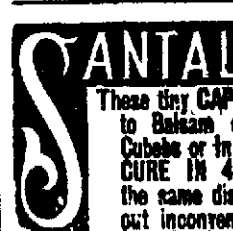
Gen. Stephen H. Gale of Exeter is sending out a pamphlet, of which he is himself the author, entitled: "Some Suggestions For Changes in the Liquor Laws, with Reasons Therefor." Gen. Gale's suggestions are many of them excellent and his arguments are convincing. The pamphlet is written in his characteristic style and is very interesting.

OSTRICH LOGIC.

"When I can't see danger there is no danger." That's the logic of the ostrich which hides its head and exposes its body to the hunter. There are not a few people who seem to have gone to the ostrich to learn logic. The most dangerous enemies of humanity are the enemies which can't be seen, the disease breeding microbes which infect the blood. It is harder to get the microbes out of the blood than to keep it out, but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery does both, by purifying the blood and then keeping it pure. If there are eruptions on the skin, boils, pimples, sores, or other signs of impure blood, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which will purify the blood and cure the eruptions which come from it.

"My blood was all out of order, and I had to go to the doctor," writes Mrs. James R. Moss, New London, Conn. "He gave me medicine which helped me for a short time. In the winter of 1895 I got worse than I had ever been. My tonsils were enlarged and my neck swollen all out of shape; my throat was sore and I could not cure it. My husband went for the doctor, but he gave me no encouragement. He helped me a little, but it did not last long. He attended me for twelve months, when I heard of a lady whose condition was like mine, who was taking your medicine and was getting well. So I secured some of the medicine and began taking it. In one week I was able to do my cooking. When I began taking the medicine I could sit up only a few minutes at a time and I could rest or sleep only a little while at a time. My throat was so sore at times I could not even swallow sweet milk, and my tonsils were full of little eating sores. My left side was swollen out of shape and I could hardly get my breath. The doctor said I would not get well, but three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, three bottles of his 'Pellets,' three bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and the use of salt water did the work and cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and its consequences.



SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Capivi, Cubeb or injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience. Sold by all druggists.



Painkiller
Is the best remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and lumbago. Beware of imitations, the genuine is PERRY DAVIS'.

THE COUNTY FAIR & MUSICAL RAILWAY has been in operation for 3 years, and in that time has netted its owner \$152,000 and its cost \$30,000. We have the sole right to this amusement at Revere Beach Mass., and shall add many patented attractions. It will be located 1/2 mile from the State Path House and on the State Boulevard.

WE GUARANTEE 10 PER CENT. The crowd's that frequent Revere Beach are paying large dividends. The stepladder, for instance, in its report for 1901, shows that it earned \$2,286 net profit, running only 6 weeks complete, and in 1902 the cold-water cannon known for 30 years earned about \$25,000 net profit, sufficient to pay 75 to 100 per cent dividends. None of its stock is for sale.

LITERAL GOLD MINES. THE COUNTY FAIR & MUSICAL RAILWAY is more attractive and has a much greater earning capacity than the above-mentioned amusement. Are you willing, oil, real estate, railroad, savings banks, industrial stocks in it with this? Do you know that \$100,000,000 are yearly spent in the U. S. for amusement? Are you willing to get a permanent amusement which are literal gold mines and are seldom off, and this may be the only chance in your lifetime to get a legitimate bonanza right at home where you can see your gold mined. Add ads.

REVERE BEACH COUNTY FAIR AND MUSICAL RAILWAY CO., 100 BOULEVARD STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

THE COUNTY FAIR & MUSICAL RAILWAY is more attractive and has a much greater earning capacity than the above-mentioned amusement. Are you willing, oil, real estate, railroad, savings banks, industrial stocks in it with this? Do you know that \$100,000,000 are yearly spent in the U. S. for amusement? Are you willing to get a permanent amusement which are literal gold mines and are seldom off, and this may be the only chance in your lifetime to get a legitimate bonanza right at home where you can see your gold mined. Add ads.

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REVERE BEACH COUNTY FAIR AND MUSICAL RAILWAY CO., 100 BOULEVARD STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

LABOR UNION DIRECTORY.

CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

Pres., John T. Mallon;
Vice Pres., James Lyons;
Sec. Sec., Francis Quinn.
Composed of delegates from all the local unions.
Meets at A. O. H. hall, first and last Thursday of each month.

FEDERAL UNION.

Pres., Gordon Preble;
Sec., E. W. Clark.
Meets in A. O. H. hall second and fourth Fridays of each month.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, NO. 421.

Pres., William B. Randall;
Vice Pres., Harrison O. Holt;
Sec. Sec., Miss Z. Gertrude Young;
Sec. Treas., Arthur G. Brewster;
Sergeant Arms, Wilbur B. Shaw.
Meets in Peirce hall, second Saturday of each month.

PAINTERS.

Pres., William T. Lyons;
Sec. Sec., Charles H. Colson.
Meets first and third Fridays of each month, in G. A. R. hall.

COOPER'S UNION.

Pres., Stanton Truman;
Sec., John Molloy.
Meets second Tuesday of each month in G. A. R. hall, Daniel street.

MIXERS AND SERVERS, NO. 309.

Pres., John Harrington;
Sec., William Dunn.
Meets in Hibernian hall, first and third Sundays of each month.

HOD-CARRIERS.

Pres., Frank Bray;
Sec., Braulard Hervey.
Meets 38 Market street, first Monday of the month.

GROCERY CLERKS.

Pres., William Harrison;
Sec., Walter Staples.
Meets first and third Thursdays of the month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

TEAMSTERS UNION.

Pres., John Gorman;
Sec., James D. Brooks.
Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BARBERS.

Pres., John Long;
Sec., Frank Ham.
Meets in Longshoremen's hall, first Friday of each month.

GRANITE CUTTERS.

Pres., John T. Mallon;
Sec

A GRAND TRIBUTE

Roosevelt Praises The Character Of McKinley.

Pays A Visit To The Martyred President's Tomb.

Canton Honors The Memory Of One The Nation Loved.

Canton, O., July 27.—President Roosevelt arrived in Canton this afternoon. He was met at the station by Judge Day and at once called on Mrs. McKinley. He later visited the martyred president's tomb and paid tribute to his memory.

This evening there was a reception and banquet at which the president spoke. His remarks in part were as follows:

"It was given to President McKinley to take the foremost place in our political life at a time when our country was brought face to face with problems more momentous than any whose solution we have ever attempted, save only in the Revolution and in the Civil War; and it was under his leadership that the nation solved these mighty problems aright. Therefore he shall stand in the eyes of history not merely as the first man of his generation but as among the greatest figures in our national life, coming second only to the men of the two great crises in which the Union was founded and preserved.

"No man could carry through successfully such a task as President McKinley undertook, unless trained by long years of effort for its performance. Knowledge of his fellow-citizens, ability to understand them; keen sympathy with even their innermost feelings, and yet power to lead them, together with far-sighted sagacity and resolute belief both in the people and in their future—all these were needed in the man who headed the march of our people during the eventful years from 1896 to 1901. These were the qualities possessed by McKinley and developed by him throughout his whole history previous to assuming the presidency. As a leader he had the inestimable privilege of serving, first in the ranks, and then as a commissioned officer, in the great war for national union, righteousness, and grandeur.

"By a stroke of horror, so strange in its fantastic iniquity as to stand unique in the black annals of crime, he was struck down. The brave, strong, gentle heart was stilled forever, and word was brought to the woman who wept that she was to walk henceforth alone in the shadow.

"The nation was stunned and the people mourned with a sense of bitter bereavement because they had lost a man whose heart beat for them as the heart of Lincoln once had beaten. We did right to mourn; for the loss was ours, not his. He died in the golden fullness of his triumph. He died victorious in that highest of all kinds of strife—the strife for an ampler, juster, and more generous national life."

Gen. Luke E. Wright, vice-governor of the Philippines was also numbered among the speakers.

NO FRICTION.

Germany And England Are In Perfect Accord.

London, Jan. 27.—The following statement was authorized by the German embassy here:

"There is not the slightest truth in the reports of friction or misunderstanding between England and Germany in regard to Venezuela. Both governments continue to act in perfect harmony and will simultaneously withdraw the blockade at the earliest possible moment. It is to be regretted that the house of commons is not in session, as a question in the house would doubtless reveal the perfect understanding which exists between the two countries. There has been no disapproval of any kind except Germany's conduct of affairs in connection with Venezuela. No date has yet been settled upon for raising the blockade, but it will cease just so soon as the representatives of the powers reach a final agreement with Mr. Bowen. The feeling expressed in the press here and reflected in the cable dispatches from New York, that England finds the German alliance embarrassing, is in no way confirmed by the government's attitude."

Count Von Quad, the German charge d'affaires at Washington, has been instructed to communicate to

the United States government and Count Wolff-Meternich, the German ambassador here, to the British foreign office, further particulars received by the German government of the circumstances which occasioned the bombardment of Fort San Carlos, Venezuela. According to this statement the German cruiser Panther was proceeding to enter Maracaibo lagoon when she was suddenly fired upon by the forts and had no alternative but to return the fire. The commander of the Panther communicated with the German commodore and thereupon other German warships were ordered to bombard Fort San Carlos. In making this communication to the United States, the German government expressed the conviction that no British or American admiral would have suffered his ships to be fired upon without retaliation. It is affirmed by the German officials here that the action of Fort San Carlos was probably directed from Caracas, the purpose being to gain American and European sympathy by making it appear that Germans were acting harshly. It is thought the fort would not have fired on a British ship.

Indicative of the fact that the Germans do not desire to embroil the situation unnecessarily it is pointed out in the official statement that the Restaurador, now under the German flag, "was recently close to the shore at La Guaira, when many rifle shots were fired at her, but in order not to cause trouble, she left without returning the fire."

STRIKERS RETURN.

A Few Of The Women Stitches Re-enter Lynn Factory.

Lynn, Mass., Jan. 27.—Frightened by the report that the Boot and Shoe Workers' union has made arrangements to bring a body of women from Haverhill to take the place of the girls now out on sympathetic strike at the D. A. Donovan and company's factory, some of the strikers returned to work this morning in that shop and were given their old places. This is the second break in the ranks of the strikers. To offset this, strikers from all the Lynn factories, including those where no strike exists and all those that have applications for the union stamp, are applying for membership in the new strikers' assembly organized by the Knights of Labor. However, there is no fear that the strike will extend to other factories.

Nine cutters from Auburn, Me., arrived this morning and were put to work by the Boot and Shoe Workers' union in the A. E. Gloyd factory. The union expects twenty more cutters, some from Cincinnati, by noon, and a delegation has gone to Boston to bring them down. Another batch is expected from St. Louis by Wednesday. That city is the home of First National Vice President Lovely of the Boot and Shoe Workers' union and he has made arrangements for the men to come on. Letters from the imported help written to friends in their home cities are bringing more applications for work in Lynn. There was no sign of trouble when the men went to work this morning and none is expected hereafter. D. A. Donovan and company expect to have their shop filled before the end of the week with help. This will be the first factory to get into its regular swing since the strike. A few more girls this morning joined those who returned to work in the Watson Shoe company factory Monday. The Knights of Labor keep up their picket work at the factories and claim that every day some are induced to leave and take work in non-strike factories secured for them by Knights of Labor cutters.

The strike of the turn workmen at the Hoag and Walton factory was settled today, the firm accepting the price list. The workmen of the Belloga company are still out.

The strikers who have returned to work in the strike factories are not members of the Lady Stitches' assembly, Knights of Labor, that organization declares, but are from the number who after striking did not join any new organization. Grain Counter Workers' union has endorsed the strikers' action and is arranging for a ball from which they are to benefit.

Candlemas Day draws near.

Allen's Lung Balsam
The best Cough Medicine.
ABSOLUTE SAFETY
should be rigorously insisted upon when buying medicine, for upon that depends one's life. ALLEN'S LUNG BAL-SAM contains NO OPIUM in any form and is safe, sure, and prompt in cases of CROUP, COLDS, deep-seated COUGHS. Try it now, and be convinced.

NEARLY SWAMPED

Legislature Deluged With Flood Of Bills.

Tuesday Was Last Day For Their Introduction.

Members Of The House Indulge In Two Spirit & Debates.

Concord, Jan. 27.—This was the last day for the introduction of bills in the legislature, and the performance must have been a record-breaker, as at the morning session, which closed at 1 o'clock, hardly a single member got an opportunity to say a word, the speaker and the clerks holding the floor.

The measures continued to be very largely labor, liquor, highway or forestry bills, with liquor legislation still being most talked about. So far as license is concerned the contest will be between the bill that is expected from the judiciary committee and the bill introduced the other day by Mr. Libby of Gorham for which is claimed democratic support.

The local option bill introduced by Mr. Libby of Gorham is in line with the democratic platform of the past campaign.

It provides that the prohibitory law shall remain in force except in those towns and cities which decide by a majority vote to decide to adopt the provisions of the act and that the penalties of the present prohibitory law shall apply to all persons who sell liquor without legal authority.

License fees range from \$250 to \$1000, according to the size of the towns. The fee for summer hotels is one-half the regular rate, and the fee for druggists to sell liquor, not to be drunk on the premises, is \$125.

Any qualified voter of at least two years' residence in a town or city, which shall adopt the act, is entitled to receive a license from the town or city clerk upon filing an application and a bond in the sum of \$1000 to observe the liquor laws and upon paying the license fee.

Licenses may be cancelled and bonds forfeited upon petition to the superior court and proof that the laws have not been complied with.

It is made to be the duty of local officials and county solicitors to enforce the provisions of the act.

Any person whose license is cancelled by order of the court shall not be entitled to receive a second license until after five years from the cancellation of the first.

Towns and cities are given authority to make rules and regulations for the further restriction and control of the liquor traffic.

Mayors and selectmen are required to have samples of liquor analyzed from time to time, and there are stringent provisions to insure the sale of pure liquor.

The question of adopting the act is to be voted on at the biennial election of 1904, and after it is once voted upon, it shall not be voted upon again for ten years, except upon a petition of 25 per cent. of the qualified voters.

Provision is made for special meetings in towns and cities before November, 1904, upon petition of twenty qualified voters.

Two spirited debates occurred in the house this afternoon, the first on the bill authorizing the Concord and Montreal railroad to lease the Concord and Manchester street railway and the other on the bill redistricting the city of Laconia.

Mr. Libby of Gorham attacked the railroad bill, claiming that few members of the house realized how sweeping were its provisions. He was supported by Mr. Remick of Littleton, and Mr. Cavanaugh of Manchester, while his motion to recall the bill from the senate was opposed by Mr. French of Moultonborough, Mr. Ahearn of Concord, Mr. Mason of Dover, Mr. Crossman of Lisbon and Mr. Whitaker of Haverhill. The motion was lost by a vote of 150 to 82, less than the necessary two-thirds.

The bill to revise the ward lines of the city of Laconia, so as to make 7 wards instead of 4, was laid on the table after Mr. Small of Rochester had made a long argument favoring its indefinite postponement.

The following bills were passed by the house today:

To unite the school districts of the town of Rollinsford;

To regulate the hour of closing the polls at the biennial election;

Authorizing the city of Dover to exempt from taxation the Hayes hospital in that city;

Abolishing the board of library commissioners.

Revising and continuing the charter of the Warner and Kearsarge Road company;

Requiring the attendance at school of all children under 16 years of age, unable to read and write.

Fixing the number of trustees of the state normal school at five;

Providing for obtaining the testimony of non-resident officers of New Hampshire corporations;

Requiring reports from school boards to the state superintendent of public instruction on or before July 15 of each year.

The senate passed the house bill establishing a police court in Haverhill.

Among the large number of bills introduced today in the house was one regulating the practice of Christian Science.

DATES ASSIGNED.

Grand Circuit Stewards Arrange For The Summer Campaign.

Boston, Jan. 27.—At a meeting today of the board of stewards of the grand trotting circuit the following dates were assigned:

Detroit, July 20; Cleveland, July 27; Buffalo, Aug. 3; Yonkers, Aug. 10; Brighton Beach, Aug. 17; Readville, Aug. 24; Providence, Aug. 31; Hartford, Sept. 7; Syracuse, Sept. 14; Columbus, Sept. 21; Cincinnati, Sept. 28.

SENTENCE COMMUTED.

Col. Lynch Will Not Be Hanged By The British Government.

London, Jan. 27.—The sentence of death passed upon Colonel Arthur Lynch, who was found guilty of high treason on Friday last, has been commuted to penal servitude for life.

HARDWARE FIRM SUFFERS.

Well Known Boston House Loses Nearly Half A Million.

Boston, Jan. 27.—The large hardware of Bigelow and Dowse, Franklin street, was entirely burned out tonight. The loss is nearly \$500,000.

TOOK A STRAW VOTE.

Interesting Experiment In A Restaurant.

An advertising agent, representing a prominent New York magazine, while on a recent Western trip, was dining one evening in a Pittsburg restaurant.

While waiting for his order he glanced over his newspaper and noticed the advertisement of a well known dyspepsia preparation, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. As he himself was a regular user of the tablets he began speculating as to how many of the other traveling men in the dining room were also friends of the popular remedy for indigestion.

He says: "I counted twenty-three men at the tables, and in the hotel office I took the trouble to interview them and was surprised to learn that nine of the twenty-three made a practice of taking one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal.

"One of them told me he had suffered so much from stomach trouble that at one time he had been obliged to quit the road, but since using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets had been entirely free from indigestion, but he continued their use, especially while traveling, on account of irregularity in meals and because like all traveling men he was often obliged to eat what he could get and not always what he wanted.

Another, who looked the picture of health, said he never ate a meal without taking a Stuart Tablet afterward because he could eat what he pleased and when he pleased, without fear of a sleepless night or any other trouble.

Still another used them because he was subject to gas on stomach, causing pressure on heart and lungs, shortness of breath and distress in chest, which he no longer experienced since using the tablets regularly.

"Another claimed that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets was the only safe remedy he had ever found for sour stomach and acidity. He had formerly used common soda to relieve the trouble, but the tablets were much better and safer to use.

After smoking, drinking or other excesses which weakened the digestive organs, nothing restores the stomach to a healthy, wholesome condition so effectively as Stuart's Tablets.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain the natural digestives, pepsin, diastase, which every weak stomach lacks, as well as nux, hydrastin and yellow parilla, and can be safely relied upon as a radical cure, for every form of poor digestion. Sold by druggists everywhere.



A POPULAR ACTRESS.

No actress who ever visited Boston received as much social attention from the fashionable set as did Miss Henrietta Crossman during her recent visit there. Miss Crossman played at the Tremont theatre in The Sword of the King, in which she is to appear at Music Hall. Nearly every afternoon when she did not have a matinee Miss Crossman was entertained by some social leader of Boston. One hostess who had invited her friends to meet the actress received so many requests for invitations that she was in deep perplexity as to how to oblige all who wished to attend. Her house was not large enough to accommodate all who desired to be present. In her desperation she appealed to Miss Crossman and asked if she would give her two afternoons instead of one. Miss Crossman consented, and in this way her hostess was spared from making bad friends among her acquaintances who wished to be introduced to the artist.

A COMPANY OF ARTISTS.

Bishop's Serenaders, who come to Music Hall this evening for an engagement of two nights, are all first class vaudeville artists. The presence of such people as Fox and Ward and May Bohee is alone sufficient recommendation for the quality of the entertainment given by the troupe. It is seldom that performers of their calibre are seen in any company playing at low prices. Then there is Frank Dupont and "Baby" Collier, and the Batch Brothers, besides, all of them well known and all decidedly clever. Major Bishop has got together an aggregation of stars which insures an evening of pleasure to lovers of vaudeville.

The Serenaders have attracted large audiences wherever they have appeared this season and the critics of every city they have visited have accorded them warm praise. Vaudeville is always pleasing and as presented by the Bishop troupe is especially so.

SHE IS COMING HERE.

Miss Henrietta Crossman is coming to Music Hall in The Sword of the King, in which she has had such a successful engagement at the Tremont theatre, Boston. Miss Crossman is extremely popular in Boston, both as an artist and socially, and the most prominent persons of the city have arranged theatre parties to attend the performance, and many of them have entertained her at their homes. Miss Crossman's Boston engagement has been a triumph. The public in this city will soon have a chance to see and admire this artist, who is admittedly the greatest comedienne in the land. Her Rosalind, which ran for 100 nights in New York, her Nance Oldfield and her Madeline have won her a reputation as the most versatile actress on the stage. Miss Crossman always gives to her plays the richest and most effective stage settings and always has the best companies of any star in the country.

CHECKLIST NOTICE.

The Board of Registrars of Voters for the City of Portsmouth hereby gives notice, that they will be in session at the Common Council chamber at City Hall in said city, on the following dates, viz: Jan. 28, Feb. 3, 6, 10, 13, 17, 20, 24, 27 and Mar. 3 at the following hours, from 9 a. m. to 12 m.; from 2 to 5 and 7.30 to 9 p. m., for the purpose of making up and correcting the Checklists of the several wards in said city, to be used at the annual election to be held March 10, 1903.

The said board will also be in session at the same place on election day, March 10, 1903 from 8 a. m. to 12 m., and from 1 to 4 p. m., for the purpose of granting certificates to those legal voters whose names are omitted from the lists.

Voters must bear in mind that it is their personal duty to see that their names are on the lists by presenting themselves at some meeting of this board.

HERBERT B. DOW,

Chairman.

ALBERT H. ENTWISTLE, Clerk.

This is great weather for empty coal bins.

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE
CURES COLDS IN 24 HOURS.
CURES LAGRIFFE IN 3 DAYS.
NO BETTER REMEDY KNOWN FOR HEADACHE.
35 TABLETS FOR 25 CENTS.
BE SURE TO GET HILL'S: IT IS THE ONLY GENUINE.

W.E. Paul RANGES

PARLOR STOVES KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

Everything to be found in a First-Class Kitchen Furnishing Store, such as Tinware (both grades), Enameled Ware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Wringers, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c Counters.

Please consider that in this line will be found some of the

Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gift

39 to 45 Market Street

OLIVER W. HAM.

(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)

60 Market Street.

Furniture Dealer

Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance 126, No. 2 Hanover street, or at residences, cor. New Vaughan street and Baynes avenue.

Telephone 59-2.

H. W. NICKERSON

LICENSED EMBALMER

FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

5 Daniel Street, Portsmouth.

Calls by night at residence, 9 Miller avenue, or 11 Gates street, will receive prompt attention.

Telephone at office and residence.

RIPANS

The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is Ripans Tablets. They have accomplished wonders, and their timely aid removes the necessity of calling a physician for many little ills that beset mankind. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general tonic up. The Five Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 50 cents, contains a supply for years. All druggists sell them.



Anywhere in New England. Read full description at once. City country or seaboard. C. K. ANDON & SON, 45 Milk St., Boston.

FOR SALE—Carriage, Jobbing and Wagon Shoeing Business. A rare chance for a young man to continue. Established about 20 years. Terms liberal, as I am not able to continue in it. Apply to G. J. Greenleaf, bank of East Office, self, cash.

INSURANCE—Strong companies and low rates. When placing your insurance remember the old firm, Haley & George. J. H. J.

CRACKERS—You can buy groceries at E. H. Smith's, provisions and specialties at W. H. Smith's, and cheap goods at E. H. Smith's.

Some Portsmouth People Have Learned How to Get Rid of Both.

Backache and kidney ache are twin brothers.

You can't separate them.

And you can't get rid of the back ache until you cure the kidney ache.

If the kidneys are well and strong the rest of the system is pretty sure to be in vigorous health.

Doan's Kidney Pills make strong healthy kidneys.

Mrs. Eva Muchmore, of 26 State street, says:—Doan's Kidney Pills did more than help me. They cured me. I was suffering intensely from pain in the back and lameness in my legs, and no one could have made me believe that I would get such immense relief. I had a great deal of trouble with my kidneys. At one time I was given up by the physicians who said I was in the last stage of Bright's Disease. I recovered, but my kidneys have always been in poor shape. I got the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills at Philbrick's pharmacy on Congress street. They drove away the gnawing pain, and lessened the soreness in the small of my back. Doan's Kidney Pills are most effective in kidney trouble.

cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

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BOWSER IN DISTRESS

He Discovers That He Is a Martyr to His Wife's Neglect

(Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.)

SUFF, scuff, scuff! echoed Mr. Bowser's footsteps as he entered the gate and wearily climbed the front steps. Mrs. Bowser heard the sounds and realized that something was going to happen. She was in the hall with a smile on her face to welcome him, but he scarcely gave her a glance. He uttered a sigh as he hung up his overcoat and another as he placed his hat on a peg, and as he followed down to dinner a sound like a moan escaped him.

"Have you got a toothache?" asked Mrs. Bowser as he sat down to the table.

"No," he replied, with a shake of his head.

"Has your rheumatism been bothering you again?"

No reply.

"You haven't had a chill, have you?"

"Never mind what ails me. I am of

to account in this house anyhow. It wouldn't matter in the slightest if I was brought home dead."

Mrs. Bowser said no more. She knew that all would be explained later on. From time to time during the dinner hour Mr. Bowser sighed drearily and rolled up his eyes and picked at his food as if some great sorrow had taken possession of his heart. It was not until they had reached the sitting room that he said:

"I have been thinking things over and have concluded that it is time for me to leave the house. I seem to be none of a cheap boarder here than anything else."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser. "If there is a husband in

you were lifting up the gate to see why it didn't shut. Go on."

"I got on the car this morning to find whitewash on my hat. All the passengers were looking and smiling, and when I took off my coat one big bull-necked loafer laughed. 'Haw, haw, haw!' I felt like sinking through the floor of the car with shame."

"So you had whitewash on your hat? Well, let me tell you where you got it. You stopped in to see the carpenter before you took the car, and you must have bunted your head against something."

"Bunted my head?" fairly howled the martyr as he saved the air with his arms and turned red and white. "Woman, am I a goat that I go around bunting things? I tell you that whitewash was on my hat when I left this house, and if you had been any sort of wife you would have seen it. Perhaps you did see it, but desired to make me a public laughing stock. It is no wonder that I am looked upon with pity."

"Not at all, Mr. Bowser. Have you any other complaint to make?"

"Thousands of them. Look at these infernal old trousers, will you?"

"I see them. You had them made to order three months ago and paid the tailor \$9. Have they shrunk or faded?"

"No, but they bag at the knees, and where can you find any creases? They look like meal bags drawn over hitching posts, and yet you let me wear them around and don't say a word. No wonder a gamin cried out at me to-day. 'Git on to de old duffer's legs!'"

"But do I wear your trousers?" protested Mrs. Bowser. "If they bag at the knees and the creases have vanished, you should take them to the tailor. I have never pressed a pair yet, and I don't think I could make a good job of it, but I will try."

"I do not ask your assistance. I will do it myself. Just get your nose into a novel and leave me to take care of myself."

There was no more to be said on Mrs. Bowser's part. He went down to the kitchen, put a fire on the stove and then went to his room and changed his trousers and smoked a cigar while the iron was heating. He had had no experience as a presser, but he went to work with the greatest confidence. After he had pulled and hauled at the trousers for ten minutes to get the "baggy" out he smoothed them out on the table and applied the hot iron to make the creases. It so happened that just as he began work a light took place among the cats in the back yard, and he left his iron to rust out and annihilate the disturbers. He spent ten minutes out there throwing clubs and cans, and he might have put in ten

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Riches That Brought Worry

"One day three or four years ago," said a Pittsburgh lawyer, "I received instructions to notify an old shoe-maker living in the suburbs and pegging away for a bare living that he had become heir to \$75,000 by the death of a relative in Ohio. I jumped on a car and rode out to his place, and I wondered whether he would fall off his bench or swing his hammer and cheer when I broke the good news to him. He did neither. He just sat and stared at me, and gradually a look of trouble came into his face.

"What is it, Uncle Jerry? I asked. 'You don't seem to be a bit pleased over the great news.'

"Y-e-s, I am pleased, of course," he answered, "but—

"But what is it?"

"Why, I was just thinking that I'd probably have to have oysters at every meal if I wanted to be an aristocrat, and I'd give more for one piece of corned beef than for a whole wagon load of oysters."

Equal Honors.

Fannie—My big sister is coming out this evening.

Katie—Dat's notting. Me big brudder is comin' out tonight, too. He was up for six months.—New York Times.

Dislike Shooting.

We doubt if any repartee ever surpassed in delicacy the reply made by an East Indian servant of Lord Dufferin when he was viceroy of India. "Well, what sort of sport has Lord Blank had?" said Dufferin one day to his "shikary" or sporting servant, who had attended a young English lord on a shooting excursion.

"Oh," replied the scrupulously polite Hindoo, "the young sahib shot divinely, but God was very merciful to the birds."—Forest and Stream.

Exonerated.

When the urgent call was received at the doctor's office, he was out attending another patient and consequently did not reach the house until two hours afterward. As he entered he met the undertaker coming out. "Ah," he exclaimed, with a look of deep chagrin, "this is bad. I am, then, too late."

"Don't blame yourself," said the undertaker, composedly. "It is not your fault. You were not here."—New York Herald.

Annoyed.

"Everybody has his little peculiarities," said the broad minded man. "I don't doubt that you have your own way of looking at some things."

"My dear sir," answered Mr. Meekton, "I wish you wouldn't talk about my having my own way in that off-hand manner. Henrietta might hear you."—Washington Times.

A Reasonable Explanation.

"She has some queer freaks about her."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, last night she ordered me to take my arm from her waist."

"I should think that an indication that she didn't want a queer freak about her."—Chicago Post.

Needed His Help.

Hostess—Won't you please sing something, Mr. Screecher?

Screecher—But there are so many people here I really—

Hostess—That's just it. I want to get rid of some of them.—Chicago News.

Thought He Knew.

"A learned Boston professor has carefully explained what it is that causes an intoxicated man to see double."

"Well, well! I always supposed it was drink that did it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Hard Job.

Doctor—Your digestion is utterly ruined. What have you been doing?

Patient—I'm the man they try new dishes on at the cooking school.—San Francisco Examiner.

ZEB WHITE

He Tells of a Dream That Led to Startling Results

(Copyright, 1902, by O. B. Warner.)

ZEB WHITE, the old possum hunter of Tennessee, and I had planned to go up the side of the Cumberland mountains above his cabin and look for signs of bear at the mouth of a certain cave. His wife had something to say to him on the subject after I was out of doors, and the old man didn't seem a bit enthusiastic as we finally started off. We had walked along for a mile in silence when he sat down on a rock and observed:

"Of all the dratted critters in this world I reckon a woman is the drattedest. She ain't to be understood by no man, and I'm dawggoned if I believe she knows herself!"

It looked as if old Zeb had been the victim of a Caudle lecture before getting away, but as it was none of my mix in I had nothing to say, and he waited a couple of minutes before continuing:

"My old woman will run along as slick as grease for two or three months, and then all of a sudden she'll break out and be as techy as a wolf with a sore paw. Mebbe it's that way with all wimin, and mebbe that's what a man kin expect to put up with when he falls in love and gets married. Mebbe the old woman is gittin' ready to mix up with another b'ar."

I scented a story and asked for it, and after a little coaxing he said:

"One time about six y'ars ago I cum home from town and found the ole woman sittin' on the doahstep and lookin' as ruffled as a wet hen. She was all right and as chipper as yo' please when I went away in the mawnin', but sunthin' had changed her. She didn't pay no 'tenshun to me as I sot down, and I knowed we was in fur a row. I didn't say nuthin' fur a long time, but jest chawed terbacker and looked across the road at a rabbit hoppin' about. Bimeby I softly sez:

"It's a powerful pleasant evenin', Mrs. White."

"She turns on me with a glare in her eyes and sez:

"Yes, it's a powerful pleasant evenin' fur folks as is too lazy to draw their breath and don't care how much their families suffer."

"Mebbe that's me," sez I, feelin' sort o' riled all to once.

"Zeb White," sez she as she riz up, 'yo' ain't no man 'tall. My shoes ar' all worn out, and I ain't got a dress fit

for a skunk to look at. I shall cook the last co'mmeal in the house fur breakfast, and Lawd knows whar we'll git any mo'. Yo' hev got to be the oneriest man in all Tennessee. Yo' ain't fitten fur buzzards to peck at. Yo' used to git around and be sumbody, but fur the last y'ar it's bin whisky and terbacker and loafin' around till I woud't put up with it no mo'."

"Nobodys axin' yo' to stay if yo' don't want to, sez I, feelin' hurt in my feelin's."

"She got her bonnet on and was minded to go, but arter walkin' out to the road and lookin' up and down she cum back. She didn't say nuthin' mo', and I was too mad to speak, and we sot around fur awhile and then went to bed. It might hev bin along about midnight when she wakes me up and sez:

"Zeb, I've bin hev'in a mighty curus dream. I dreamt that a mighty big b'ar had fell into one o' them iron pits up in the big ravine."

"What if he has?" sez I.

"Then his pelt will buy me a p'ar o' shoes and a dress, and we'll hev meat and grease 'nuff to last us fur a month."

"I'll see about it in the mawnin'."

"But I want yo' to see about it right off now. I'll go with yo' and p'int out the pit, and yo' kin shoot the b'ar befo' he climbs out."

"I was mad yit," said the old man, "and I didn't think much of a dream, and so I wouldn't git up. The ole woman did, however. She got out o' bed, lit the lantern and went off to see if the b'ar was actually in the pit. I soon fell asleep, thinkin' she wouldn't go fur, and it was mawnin' when I woke up ag'in. The ole woman wasn't nohow to be seen, but I wasn't in no hurry to go out and look fur her. I got sum breakfast, smoked my pipe, and along about 8 o'clock I shouldered my gun and started off fur the pits. We was up that way last Sunday, if yo' remembers."

"Yes."

"Then ar' six or seven places whar they dug down fur iron ore. Sum o' 'em ain't more'n ten feet deep, and sum ar' thirty. I didn't know whar

one had drempt about, and I had

looked into fo' or five pits and was

thinkin' the old woman had got lost on

the mounting in the night when I cum

Miss Razzle-dazzle

By Baldwin Sears

Copyright, 1922, by the S. S. McClure Company

She was insignificantly small and plain. You could never remember what she looked like long enough to describe her nor forget her long enough to be indifferent as to how she looked. The others were always arguing about the color of her eyes—eyes that were blue with sympathy, gray with sadness, green with mischief, brown with indifference and black, fire sparkling with anger. John Strange roared that they were "thunder and lightning" at that unlucky moment on the pier when he said, with a laugh: "Miss Dazzle! Razzle-dazzle suits her better. I don't believe she ever had a serious thought. She's just a little canny, frothy, spangled speck of humanity meant to amuse people. Razzle-dazzle! Why the name's just made or her." And he went off to sit beside Laura Lewiston and be consoled. Laura laughed with him, of course, and by night the other girl was epitomized in John's idle words. What a name it was! Deliciously daring! Some of the girls—those who had not had cause to fear her—envied it. "You can see that she's rather proud of it," they said as she sang and laughed and danced and flirted and kept herself on the crest of the wave by main force of will.

"Razzle-dazzle! Razzle-dazzle!" How he name stuck and stung! How she hated John Strange! She roared and roared recklessly away out past Tragdy rock, with its jagged teeth under her playful foam. The Strange yacht went past, and Razzle-dazzle saw Laura's scarf snatched from her hand and lunged by the insolent wind on the tattered twig of the old gaunted tree as he roared.

Razzle-dazzle laughed as she saw it and heard the outcry. There was a park in her eyes that afternoon as she stared to Laura's plight that she could not have felt so bad "had it not been a gift, you know."

"But you surely expect to get it back!" exclaimed Razzle-dazzle in great surprise. "Why, any stupid fisher boy would go after it for 5 cents—that is if nobody else dares." And she looked to John as he sat playing with Laura's dove.

John laughed easily. "I'm afraid that our brave fisher boys will ask a trifle more for the trip to the top of the cack," he said, looking up at Laura. Razzle-dazzle smiled too. "As I shall expect no reward but the fun of the drive."

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As he uttered the order, clutching the silk, the point to which he had been clinging loosened, and with a shout of dismay he plunged headlong over the edge and fell, slipping, struggling, sliding to the rocks below.

There was a long silence after the loose stones had ceased falling. Then the wounded man stirred, groaned and fell back. For awhile he lay quiet, striving to think clearly. All at once he started. A rill of cold water slid under him and out again. He had forgotten the tide. With infinite pain he dragged himself to the spot where his boat should have been. Already it had courted far beyond his reach. Overhead the gulls were startled by peals of laughter that rang round the craggy island—hysterical laughter and shouting as John, exhausted by desperate efforts to climb above the swift rising tide, signalled vainly to a fishing boat that scudded past before the increasing wind. Then night came, and the wind talked to him.

John was not afraid of death, but there were some things he was sorry for, things he would have changed had he known. He wished he had not been so unkind to little Razzle-dazzle; he wished Laura would not blame her now; he wished—no, after all, it was better that he had not spoken, better that it had ended as it did. Laura was only amusing herself after all, as he had started to do. She would regret him very little—not enough to spoil her winter. How differently Razzle-dazzle would feel for any one she loved! He smiled, as every one smiled when thinking of her. Gradually his past stood out in perspective, and he understood it. Her dark eyes looked at him, blue and forgiving. "She was the real sort," he said to himself, as if life were all over for her too. He sighed, lifting himself by instinct as high as he could in the rising water. Every wave broke over him now. The foam looked like sea faces come up to stare at him. "I hope little Razzle-dazzle would think this the right sort of courage."

What was that? Had some one called? He stared, listening. Above the plunge and break of water, "John, John!" clear, low, as if in shame of entreating him. Laura, could it be? And yet who else? He listened, in his tense eagerness forgetting to answer, fearful that a motion would dispel the strangely sweet fancy.

"John! O-o-o-h, John! Where are you, John?" And Razzle-dazzle's face, eager, passionately searching and striped of all its scorn, glimmered out of the darkness close at his side.

"Don't say you love me because—just because I—I have"—she began in a harsh, gasping sob when he tried to tell her. "If you knew how I had wanted you to die, and then I had to come after you, because—because—oh, you mustn't forgive me! Hate me! I deserve it!"

But John laughed even there. "If I should hate the one who loved me enough to risk her life for mine, what can I give the one who loved me only well enough to risk my life for this bit of silk?"

And the scarf itself was the answer.

Abundities of Lovers' Language. Lovers have a language of their own. "I would I were thy bird," sighs Romeo.

"Sweet, so would I," returns Juliet, "yet I should kill thee with much cherishing."

From the sublime to the ridiculous: "Plumpetty itty partridge, who does 'oo love?' demands a stricken swain of his innamorata in one of Marion Crawford's novels.

"Zoo!" returns the fat little woman, with a smile which, in the author's graphic words, "went all around her head like the equator on a globe."

This sort of thing is all very well when the bride is a rosy little dumpling of a woman. The worst of it is that engaged couples of every age and of the most unromantic appearance adopt the same style.

"What shall I call you, my dearest own?" asks an Adonis of fifty, gazing with yearning tenderness on his bride.

"Call me Birdie, nothing but Birdie!" chirrups the lady whose weight might turn the scale at 200 pounds, as she nestles lovingly to his side.

And so on ad infinitum, we will not say ad nauseum, till the soul of the unregarded old curmudgeon of a bachelor within hearing turns faint within him.—Exchange.

Georgiously Colored Toucans. It is more especially the gaudy coloration of the toucans which renders them most typical in many ways of the habits and manners of the larger fruit eating birds. Flower haunting and fruit eating creatures, such as butterflies, humming birds, cockatoos and lorries, almost always develop in the long run a marked aesthetic taste for pure and brilliant colors, which reacts at last through sexual selection on their own appearance.

Accustomed to seek their food among bright tropical blossoms or gaudy southern forest fruits like mangoes and star apples, these feathered aesthetes acquire a hereditary love for color which influences them in the end in the choice of their own brilliant mates and so secures the perpetuation of the most beautiful and most gorgeous of their kind by unconscious selection. And in this respect the toucans are absolutely unsurpassed in the whole range of nature. Their large and richly colored bills, their delicate bronzed plumage and their bodies generally present a variety of melting tints and contrasted hues nowhere else to be found in equally close display on any other animal.—Cornhill Magazine.

THANK YOU'S GIFT

By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz

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"Please, I've after the cullid wash," said a small brown figure with innumerable pigtail tied about with pink cord, "but I've not in a hurry."

The cook and the butler were the inhabitants of the sunny kitchen with its yellow painted floors and white curtains.

"Not in de hurry?" said the florid butler. "Und vy?"

"I'd like to see dat lubby lady dat lubs her."

"She means Miss Annie May," said the cook, much amused. "Where did you ever see her, kid?"

"Lots o' times," responded the brown one, "walkin' an' in de high cart down de race track. Um—um—"

Again the cook and the butler laughed, and in the midst of it the lovely lady herself opened the door and came in, a vision of white and yellow, sunshine, springtime and rare beauty.

The child drew a deep, ecstatic breath as she gazed.

"Who is dat?" asked the sweetest, softest voice. "Who is this, cook?"

"A little girl who came for the wash this week," replied the cook, "and she



"TO MUSTN'T BET ON YO' OWN HOSS NOW, DIS HYAR DAY."

asked to hang around on the chance of seeing you. She calls you the lovely lady."

A delicate pink tinged the girl's cheek.

"That's very pretty. What is your name?"

"Thank You, ma'am."

"Do you mean that, is your real name?" asked the soft voice wonderingly. "How did you come by such a one?"

Thank You bobbed solemnly.

"My mammy says I've the onliest one she ebah had, an' she's so glad feah I've she jes' had to call me dat."

"How funny! Well, Thank You, I shall certainly hunt out some ribbons for you, and cook will give them to you. Be a good girl, will you?"

Kind, careless words, but destined to bear an undreamed of harvest.

"Please, sir?"

Blakenore Ross turned in astonishment. A diminutive colored girl, barefooted and hatless, hung at his very cart wheels.

"Here, you imp! You'll get run over. What d'ye want?"

Thank You gasped at him breathless and speechless. Blakenore Ross was in a great hurry and irritable. He was such a keen sportsman that he had scented a danger all the morning. The excitement thrilled him and made him nervous.

"Get away! There's a dime for you. I'm in a hurry."

To his amazement, the dime lay in the dust, and the small figure burst into a passion of tears.

"Lawd knows I tried to tell yer!" was her principal plaint. Blakenore Ross realized something. He climbed down from his seat.

"I didn't treat you right, did I? Nor, go ahead. You seem to know me."

"I'm Ross. How did you know?"

"Yo'se gwine to marry the lubby lady, ain't yo'?"

"I hope so. Do you know her? But of course you do. She told me about you. Isn't your name Thank You?"

"Foah de Lawd, she done remember me!" cried Thank You wonderingly.

"But, oh, Mistah Ross, yo' mustn't—'deed yo' mustn't—bet on yo' own hoss none dis hyar day, an' don't yo' say nothin'! I can't tell yo' why—no, I can't. I got killed. But yo' kin trust me. Don't yo' do it, Mistah Ross."

He clutched the child by the arm, his heart beating horribly. It meant thousands, indeed almost total ruin, to him. Today was the great Charter Oaks stake on which he had counted for months. It was not fifteen minutes since he had left his peerless Princess Maud. He could have sworn that she was fit, fit and ready to win this moment.

"Just tell me plainly what you mean," he demanded thickly. "You black demons know a thousand things. The horse is all right. I have just seen her."

Thank You looked up in an agony of concern.

"I've bet on yo' own hoss, sah. She won't in no race today yo' dis day. No, sah, she won't!"

"I'll not pay any attention to your abominable lies," he said angrily, pushing her away.

There were angry tears in the child's eyes, but she rose to the occasion bravely.

"Ef yo' bet on yo' own hoss, sah, 'long den," she said solemnly, "an' lose yo' money, yo' shame yo' self too. I telt yo' de truf dat will be, I did."

Ross went back to the stables and looked over his mare again.

"Tight as a rivet," he pronounced her and went back to the betting sheds reassured.

Suddenly the convincing look in the child's eyes smote upon his conscience. Truth had dwelt there. The mysterious impingement of the to-happen jockey on his assurance. A mysterious intuition impelled him to hedge his bets, to place his money elsewhere, to accept the inevitable as a finality, to believe in the brown child's warning.

"I think it would mean a great deal to the lovely lady," he said musingly. "It would just about mean my ruin. I didn't know I was in so deep. I could not have asked her to marry me this year."

Pale and frightened, the lovely lady leaned over the box railings of the grand stand and beckoned to Blakenore Ross. He was quite as pale when he came, but very self contained and cool.

"What does it mean?" she whispered. "I've lost no end of gloves and some money. Is there anything wrong with the horse?"

"She seems ill." He tried to speak lightly.

"Ill? Have you lost much money?"

"Not a great deal. I was not in very deep. A friend of the lovely lady warned me of it this morning. She doubtless knew a great deal, as she lives in one of those huts among the track deviltry. She warned me for love of you, her lovely lady."

"It was Thank You!" exclaimed the pale one in amazement.

"Yes, it was Thank You. She wanted you to be happy. I would have been ruined had she not warned me in time. You must take her gift, dear, with less recklessness and folly, I hope. It has been a lesson."

The lovely lady's eyes were full of tears. They may have been for the Princess Maud, for Thank You or her disappointment, but her lover seemed to think of them all for the future and that they were happy ones.

Experience Teaches. A young man who was ambitious to get an education, but lacked the money to pay his expenses in college, consulted an eminent judge as to what course he would better adopt. The judge had once been in the same predicament and had undergone many hardships while fitting himself for the eminent position he occupied, consequently he was speaking from experience when replying to his young friend's inquiries.

"Would you advise me to go into debt to get an education?" the young man asked.

"Well, that depends on the line of conduct you are disposed to pursue. Would you honestly pay back every cent of money you borrowed to pay for your education?"

"Certainly! I would do that even if I had to work as a hodcarrier to earn the money."

"Then I would advise you to borrow."

"What course would you recommend me to take in college?"

"Oh, that is a matter of indifference."

"I beg your pardon?"

"It really doesn't matter what course you take in college. If you go into debt to get an education, you will get the chief part of it while struggling to get out of debt again."

Where Poverty Was Criminal. In Peru at the period of the Incas, before its conquest by the Spaniards in the early part of the sixteenth century, poverty was counted a crime. The whole territory was divided into three portions, and the respective revenues and resources were given (1) to support the priesthood and ceremonial worship of the sun, who was their god; (2) to the reigning Inca for the expenses of the royal household and the cost of government; (3) to the people at so much a head. The extent of land apportioned to each household was regulated by the size of his family.

This nation of workers wrought as one man for the common good. Their simple wants were easily and entirely satisfied, no one was overworked, and thus they lived a happy and contented life, with frequent holidays and festivals.

Under a social system so well organized that no man could be poor unless he were incurably idle, we cannot wonder that those who did fall into poverty and want, through sheer indolence, were regarded as deliberate criminals and were even allowed to starve.

Why He Raised the Price. Mr. Hickie was a noted secondhand bookseller of Dublin. His bookshop was the favorite haunt of bishops, clergymen of all creeds, professors and scholars generally in search of rare volumes. A story is told of an encounter Mr. Hickie had with a Catholic priest only a few days before he retired from his beloved bookshop to die. A young priest called on him and taking up a book inquired the price. "Half a crown, father," said Hickie. "But," said the priest, "I can get it for 1s. 6d. from Mr. Blank."

"Of course," said Hickie, "but you see, it's a Protestant book, and I think you shouldn't buy a Protestant book, so I put half a crown on it that you might love it behind."

HETTY'S TRAMP

By James Vernon

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"I'll run away!"

This was Hetty Warner's reply to her mother when told that she could no longer keep company with Sam Beecher. Hetty was nineteen and an only child, and the Warners were well to do farmers living just outside the town of Lincolnville. Sam Beecher was a rather fast young man living in town, and his calls at the farmhouse had not been received with favor by the old folks.

"Don't be foolish, Hetty," said her mother. "We don't want to see you throw yourself away on a worthless young man."

"Who says he's worthless?" demanded the daughter, with flashing eyes.

"Why, everybody knows he drinks and swears and gets into scrapes."

"He's simply a young man of spirit, and I admire him for it."

"For the land's sake! Well, it seems that father didn't put his foot down a minute too soon. Now, you'd better finish hemming that tablecloth and wait for a better man to come along."

Hetty had no more to say. She felt humiliated and defiant, and she was determined to do something. She wanted to make her father and mother feel bad—worse than she felt herself. There was one thing left to run away. The more she thought of the plan the better she liked it. She would steal away at night. She would leave behind her a letter saying that her heart was broken. She would go far, far away among strangers and probably die within a few weeks and be buried under a willow tree. Her father would search in vain and be sorry for his cruelty, and her mother would pine away and become a living skeleton.

Hetty allowed a week to glide past to lull suspicion and to see if Sam Beecher would bid defiance to her father's edict, and then she was ready. Sam did not show up. He was having a lawsuit just then over a horse trade, and he had no time to scheme and plan.

At 10 o'clock one summer's night Hetty stole from the house to return never again. She left a heartbroken letter on the kitchen table, and there were tears in her eyes as she bade the cat and dog and cherry trees and flower beds goodbye. Her plan was to walk through the village and keep on until she had put hundreds of miles between

her grieving heart and the dear old home. She had 70 cents in cash and a grim determination to die a martyr to parental injustice.

She got along bravely until she had passed through the village and was half a mile beyond. Then a thunderstorm came up and drove her to seek shelter in a farmer's barn, but before she got under cover she was thoroughly drenched and had torn the skirt of her dress half off in getting over a rail fence. She found a door of the barn open and crept inside with chattering teeth and was wondering if Sam Beecher wouldn't shed tears of grief if he knew her situation when the odor of tobacco smoke came to her nostrils. Before she could make a move, however, a man with a pipe in his mouth stood between her and the door, and a gruff voice said:

"Well, old dusty, I bide ye come in out of the wet and make yerself at home. Got any cold vittles with ye?"

"Who—who is it?" screamed the girl as she started back.

"Thump me if it ain't a female!" growled the man. "Who is it yerself?"

"It's me—a girl!"

"And it's a tramp. By jingo, but this is a rum go! Did yer father send ye out here to disturb my meditations and turn me out in the midst of a thunderstorm?"

"No, I—I don't belong here. I was going somewhere, and the storm drove me in here. I guess I'll go now."

"I guess no. Havin' I'ved the sacred precincts of my domicile, as

Shakespeare has it, I want to know the whiffers of it. Besides, no lady should travel about at midnight in a thunderstorm without a beau. Are ye a big gal or a little gal? Come, now, tell me what's the trouble."

"I want to go," exclaimed Hetty, who'd have given all the Sam Beechers on earth to be safe at home in her bed just then.

"But ye can't, ye know," protested the tramp. "It's what the perlice calls a suspicious case, and I've got to investigate. Whose gal are ye? What do ye live? What are ye doin' out here this time of night? I ain't a bad man, and if ye've got any sorrows pour 'em into my listenin' ears."

Chattering with the cold and trembling with fear and having only the idea of appealing to the tramp's sympathy, Hetty stated her case. It wasn't much of a case, as she had to admit to herself when she had stated it, and the reply of the man was prompt and to the point.

"Say, gal," he observed as she finished, "ye are a silly kid. Yer dad and marm was dead right, and ye ought ter be locked up. What was ye runnin' away to?"

"I—I don't know."

"What was ye goin' to do when ye got there?"

"I—I don't know."

"Course ye don't. It is jest a gal's whim, and a mighty silly one. Gals has got to be bossed, and ye ought to know it. The old folks has got to keep an eye on 'em till they is married off. A kid of a gal is as apt to marry a rascal as an honest feller, and I don't reckon your beau Sam is anything to brag of. The storm is passin' over, and when it stops rainin' ye are goin' back home."

"But I can't," sobbed Hetty.

"But ye must. Ye marm, I'm goin' right along with ye. Maybe ye kin get into the house and up to yer room without anybody bein' the wiser. At any rate, ye've got to try it."

Miss Hetty wept and objected, though all the time hoping the tramp would carry out his programme. When the rain had ceased and the stars shone out again, he said:

"Now, gal, we'll jog along. Purty wet and muddy, but ye'll remember it the longer."

Very little was said as they splashed through the mud left by the shower and brushed against the wet weeds of the highway. The tramp smoked and Hetty shivered, and she was ready to sink down from exhaustion and emotion as the pair finally arrived at the farmhouse gate. It was nearly 2 o'clock in the morning, and all within the house was quiet.

"Did ye leave the door on the latch, kid?" asked the tramp.

"Yes."

"Then sneak in and up to yer room, and tomorrow mornin' ye set out to git yer common sense back. Ye'll excuse me, won't ye?"

"Yes."

"And not bear any grudge?"

"No."

"Then here's my paw, and I'll stand here till ye are safe inside. Don't never do it again. Good night."

And the only thing said next morning was by the mother, who observed: "The cat must have got sopping wet last night, for I found trails of water all over the kitchen floor when I got up this morning."

The Stinker Chameleon. A chameleon which had been a long while in a cage had become so entirely the color of the wood that it was not easy to distinguish it. I placed it among plants and on the grass, but it did not turn green again, and then I left it on a vase of flowers, in the center of which I placed a tall, stiff spray. Soon the creature found its way to the very summit, and there it remained, "as still as death," until a fly happened that way. Then there was a very slight movement, a click was heard and the chameleon resumed its silent observation as if no fly had been swallowed.

There is something cunning and weird, almost sinister, in the expression of that very small eye in the center or apex of its mobile globe, now turned upward, now downward, so quietly yet so watchfully, rarely the two eyes looking the same way. The chameleon must surely be endowed with quality of brain, for it certainly must take in two ideas at once through its two eyes, or why should it move both so conclusively in contrary directions? Motionless is the animal hour after hour, the eye being the only sign of life it displays. The one at the top of a spray in the vase of flowers remained in the same position day after day, only throwing out its tongue to catch a fly when one flew by, and otherwise moving only its ever restless eyes.—Exchange.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

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A Guide for Visitors and Members.

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Officers—C. W. Hanscom, Council; John Hooper, Vice Council; William P. Gardner, Senior Ex-Council; Charles Allen, Junior Ex-Council; Frank Pike, Recording Secretary; Frank Langley, Financial Secretary; Joseph W. Marden, Treasurer; Chester E. Odiorne, Inductor; George Kimball, Examiner; Arthur Jenness, Inside Protector; George Kay, Outside Protector; Trustees, Harry Herum, Edward Clapp, W. P. Gardner.

THE REVERE HOUSE

JANUARY 28.

Box 1000, Jan. 28, 11:30 a. m. Morning, E. First Quarter, Feb. 5, 11:30 a. m. Morning, W. Full Moon, Feb. 11, 11:30 a. m. Morning, F. Last Quarter, Feb. 18, 11:30 a. m. Morning, E.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, Jan. 27.—Forecast for New England: Rain Wednesday and Thursday; somewhat warmer Wednesday; fresh southwest winds.

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Open 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 12:30 to 2, 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 p. m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling Telephone No. 8008-2.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 28, 1903.



CITY BRIEFS.

Watch for the eclipse. A heavy storm is predicted. The city is full of new faces. The big fair begins Feb. 16. Baseball talk is warming up. The Show Girl is coming back. Nineteen days to the P. A. C. fair. Coal has got to come down in price. Tuesday marked the end of the cold wave. First class vaudeville at Music hall tonight. The price of meat is now about normal. Loads of hay are seen on the square every day now. Washington's birthday comes on a Sunday this year. The Elks are taking in new members at every meeting. Things are booming with the Keeler Pipe company. The Barbers' union installed officers on Tuesday evening. Have your shoes repaired by John M. M., 34 Congress street. Dover will send down big delegations of the P. A. C. fair. Rechabite hall will be the scene of a select party this evening. The Knights of Columbus ball is scheduled for this evening. The winter will break all recent records for length of sleighing. The best offerings of the present theatrical season are still to come. Spring can't be so very far off, when hury gurdies are appearing. A pool expert from Worcester is making it interesting for local players. Company B will shortly play a return game with the Orientals in Newburyport. The rain makes the walking even more slippery and the sand men will have to come out. Wheels will be "it" if this weather continues. The record for sleighing will be broken. The breaking up of the Maplewood farm racing string is regretted by the horsemen in this section. Local followers of pool would like to see a series of games between teams composed of local players. The Boston and Maine shops in Concord are at work turning out eleven baggage, mail and combination cars. Mr. Hale's adult dancing class will meet in Conservatory hall this evening. Special attention paid to beginners. Portsmouth is doing the usual amount of winter business, with retail trade about an average.—Bradstreet's Report. Real good vaudeville makes a pleasing entertainment. Don't miss the opening number at Music hall tonight. The sidewalk in front of the North church has been perilous for pedestrians ever since Sunday and many have been the falls there. February promises to be more gay if possible than January. There are already announced for the available days of that month enough affairs to keep society devotees busy constantly day and night. The good news comes from Hano-ver that Andrew Carnegie is contemplating an endowment for Dartmouth college. It is said that he has already conferred with Hon. Samuel W. McCall of Winchester, a prominent alumnus, upon the subject. J. W. Walker, formerly United States engineer inspector on the improvement of the Cocheco and Belknap rivers, was in town today, making calls on acquaintances. Mr. Walker is now connected with the construction of the new dry dock at the

yard at Portsmouth.—Foster's Democrat. About time for somebody to see the first robin here. Valentines are beginning to be displayed in the stores. The Knights of Columbus are in a flourishing condition. The middle of the street is where some people walk these days. The board of mayor and aldermen will meet tomorrow evening. The board of registrars are in session at the city building today. Former Alderman Frank Mulligan of Dover has been in town today. First rate performers, popular prices; at Music hall this evening. The light fall of rain has made the sidewalks very treacherous for pedestrians. The "Jolly Three" are to run a dance at Rye town hall on the evening of Feb. 5. Undertaker H. W. Nickerson is having his rooms on Daniel street remodeled and re-decorated. It looks as if there would be even more building here the coming spring than there was last. Wesleyan plays baseball at Hano-ver May 1 and 2 and Dartmouth goes to Middletown June 5 and 6. Everybody seems to agree that the Haven lot is the right location for the new High school building. A captain for the Dartmouth 'varsity' baseball team will be elected on Saturday afternoon of this week. The second annual concert and dance of the Bottlers' and Drivers' union will come off at Peirce hall on Wednesday night, Feb. 11. A special train will carry Odd Fellows encampment members to Portsmouth Friday evening to attend a school of instruction.—Manchester Union. Two street singers, one blind, or apparently so, took in considerable money about town on Tuesday afternoon. They sent a little dog with a basket in his mouth into the stores, for contributions. OBSEQUIES. The body of Ann M. Neal, who died in Jacksonville, Fla., on January 23, arrived here today and the funeral was held from the Christian church in Kittery, this afternoon at three o'clock. Rev. E. C. Hall officiating. Interment was made in Rogers cemetery under the direction of Undertaker H. W. Nickerson. The funeral of Annie L. Watkins was held at two o'clock this afternoon from the family home on Gardiner street. Rev. George W. Gile officiating. The body was placed in the tomb. WHY NOT? If it is right and proper for the Massachusetts legislature to investigate the wholesale and retail coal dealers in Boston, why not the New Hampshire legislature investigate the big coal dealers at Portsmouth? Portsmouth is as much to New Hampshire as Boston is to Massachusetts.—Foster's Democrat. THIRTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY. The thirty-second anniversary of Damon lodge, No. 9, K. of P., will be held at Freeman's hall on Tuesday evening, February third. The committee in charge is striving to make this the most memorable anniversary in the history of the lodge. STREET COMMISSIONER BY THE PEOPLE. Representative Yeaton of Ward two has introduced a bill into the legislature which calls for the election of a street commissioner by the people for the city of Portsmouth, instead of the present method of selection, by the joint city councils. A TIP. It is rumored that the wife of a well known clerk shortly to sue her husband for divorce and that the latter will retaliate with a cross libel, naming several Portsmouth young men. HER FIRST RECEPTION. Mrs. Nahum J. Bachelder, wife of the governor, will give her first at home at the Eagle hotel from 4 to 6 on the afternoon of Wednesday, Feb. 4. EXAMINED SEVERAL APPLICANTS. The board of pension examiners met in this city today and examined several applicants for pension. BEING PUMPED OUT. The schooner Flying Eagle came near sinking at Steamboat wharf on Tuesday night and is being pumped out today.

A BRILLIANT PARTY. Mrs. Pickering Entertains A Large Company of Friends. One of the most charming of the many private whist parties given in Portsmouth during the present season occurred on Tuesday afternoon from three to six o'clock, when Mrs. John Edward Pickering of Rockland street entertained seventy guests. The drawing room was graced with bouquets of carnations and asparagus vines. Progressive whist was played, and seventeen tables were occupied. Partners were chosen by dainty favors, these representing portraits of authors with the name of one of their productions. These were tied with pink and green ribbons. At each table choice confections were served in cut glass bon-bon dishes. The tributes were won as follows: First, Miss Antoinette Clark Sides, fifty-five points, two volumes bound in vellum, and entitled, "Masters of Literature" and "Masters of Art." Second, Miss Helen Agnes Newell, fifty-three points, a cut glass olive dish. Third, Mrs. Benjamin Green, fifty-two points, a silver soap dish. Fourth, Mrs. Charles M. Horton, minus five, a silver mustard pot. Elegant refreshments were then served, including chicken salad, rolls, plum-cakes, harlequin, ice cream, assorted cake and coffee. Mrs. Curtis H. Dickinson, Mrs. Herbert O. Prime, Miss Helen C. Pender and little Roberta Holbrook Pickering, the graceful daughter of the hostess, assisted in serving. A FRATERNAL GIFT. Boston Elks Attest Their Friendship For The Portsmouth Lodge. Distinguished visitors were present at the meeting of Portsmouth lodge of Elks on Tuesday evening. They were Exalted Ruler Edward McLoughlin of Boston lodge and District Deputy Arthur Hatch of Massachusetts. Mr. McLoughlin signified his visit by presenting to James E. Chickering, exalted ruler of Portsmouth lodge, a gavel and base, the latter being made of metal taken from the yacht Defender. The gavel is a very handsome one, the handle being of bronze and the head of aluminum. On the head is the inscription, "Boston, No. 10 to Portsmouth, No. 97," and on the handle, "Defender, 1903." Mr. Chickering acknowledged the gift in suitable terms. OFFICERS INSTALLED. At the regular meeting on Tuesday evening of Canton Senter, Patriarchs Militant, No. 12, and which was largely attended, the following officers were installed by Major Albert E. Rand, assisted by Capt. Willis F. Pinder: Captain, William H. White, Jr.; Lieut. J. H. Yeaton; Ensign, Rufus Russell; Clerk, Charles H. Clough; Accountant, Howard Anderson; Standard Bearer, Thomas J. Burke; Sentinel, George D. Churchill; Guard, William Kelley; Picket, Orwin Griffin. One candidate was initiated, and after the work an oyster supper was served at the Boss establishment, it being under the supervision of Chevalier Allen Rand. This is the sixteenth consecutive installation of C. H. Clough as clerk, a position he has filled ever since the canton was instituted. This is a high compliment. CONCERT PROGRAM. Joy and Philbrick's orchestra will render the following concert program at the Knights of Columbus dance at Freeman's hall, this evening: March, "The Strollers" Chasseur Overture, "The Secret Despatch," Gounenwald Intermezzo, "In Cupid's Garden," Eugene Valse, "Birth of the Rose," Witt Selection from "The Defender," Deunle WILL GIVE AN OYSTER SUPPER. At a meeting of Addie F. Burkitt council, Daughters of Liberty, on Friday evening, it was voted to give an oyster supper on the evening of February 10, and each member of the council was privileged to invite two guests on that occasion. TOOK HIS CARD AWAY. At a meeting of the Barbers' union on Tuesday evening, the union card was taken from one of the members, who has persistently violated the closing rules of the union. IT'S FOLLY TO SUFFER FROM THAT HORRIBLE PLAGUE OF THE NIGHT, ITCHING PILLS. Doan's Ointment cures, quickly and permanently. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Don't try cheap cough medicines. Get the best, pay the price. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. 60 years of cures. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. CITY BRIEFS. George A. Kirvan passed Tuesday in Boston. Frank A. Christie of Dover was here today. Mrs. Arthur W. Walker passed Tuesday in Boston. F. W. George of South Berwick, Me., was a Portsmouth visitor today. Alderman George A. Wood returned this morning from a Southern trip. Charles B. Downs has recovered from an attack of rheumatism and is out again. Thomas Butler of Boston was the chief purchaser at the sale of condemned stores at the navy yard. Rev. C. B. Pitblado of Manchester, a former pastor of Trinity Methodist church of this city, is in town today. Mrs. Ada Robinson of Bay View, Mass., is the guest of her brother, Capt. George E. Robinson, Marcy street. Harry Bennett has resigned his position at the Boston and Maine freight house and has gone to Philadelphia to live. Miss Mary Jones and Miss Mary O'Donnell, for several years employed in the stitching room of the Portsmouth Shoe company, have secured positions at the Ireland Shoe shop in Dover. Miss Mabel Emery of Portsmouth has returned to her home after passing several weeks in this city, the guest of her aunts, Mrs. Fred Jones of Laurel street and Mrs. J. E. Newton, who resides at the North End.—Manchester Mirror. AT THE NAVY YARD. Another warrant machinist has arrived and reported for duty on the U. S. S. Raleigh. Men engaged in the work of bringing the tug Sioux to the surface reported for duty this morning at four o'clock, on account of the tide being low at that hour. The boats and steam launch belonging to the Raleigh were placed aboard the ship on Tuesday, by the crew. Among the crew of the Raleigh are two men who fought in South Africa with Canadian regiments. At a meeting of the engineers and deck division of the Raleigh held late on Saturday afternoon, it was voted to run a grand ball when the ship arrives in New York. One of the largest crowds ever seen on the yard for the sale of condemned material was present on Tuesday. There is some talk of the Raleigh sailing on February 5th. POLICE COURT. E. T. Cotton was arraigned before Judge Adams in police court this morning on three different complaints. For selling malt liquor, second offence, a plea of guilty was entered and a fine of \$50 and costs taxed at \$6.90 imposed. For selling spirituous liquor, a plea of not guilty was entered and the respondent bound over in the sum of \$200 bonds for appearance at superior court. On the complaint of keeping open after hours Mr. Cotton pleaded guilty and was fined one dollar and costs taxed at \$6.90. DOWN IT COMES. Today, the price of hard coal, which has been for some time past twelve dollars, will probably drop to ten dollars per ton. There is at present coal enough at the wharves to supply all immediate demands, and it is expected that enough coal will arrive here next month for the price to take another drop. KEEP THE DATE OPEN. It will be to the advantage of all the people of Portsmouth to keep Feb. 10 an open date on their social calendars as one of the greatest hits of the present theatrical season will appear in Music hall on the evening of that day. GONE AFTER A SCHOONER. The tug M. Mitchell Davis went to Boston today, to tow the coal laden schooner Harriet C. Kerlin to this port. CRAFT WAS WATERLOGGED. Steamer Mystic Reports Rescue of Crew of Schooner Grequeuland. Early on Tuesday morning the British steamer Mystic, Capt. Abbott, arrived at the New England gas and coke company's wharf, Everett, Mass., from Louisburg, C. B., with a cargo of 5607 tons of slack coal. On her last outward passage from Boston the Mystic rescued the crew of the British schooner Grequeuland and landed them at Louisburg. Capt. Abbott stated that he sighted the distressed vessel at two p. m. last Thursday, thirty-five miles southwest from Cape Sable. The schooner was waterlogged and those on board were in a pitiable condition, having been reduced to short rations, with barely enough food left for three meals. The Grequeuland has been out twenty-two days from Port Morien, C. B., for Portsmouth, with a cargo of 350 tons of coal for the Walkers. Capt. Tmeneau of the Grequeuland had his wife on board and she displayed great bravery through it all. When her crew had been taken off the Grequeuland appeared to be on the verge of foundering. The Grequeuland was 166 tons net and 183 tons gross. She was built at Port Greville in 1900 and was owned by H. Elderkin & Co. of Parrsboro, N. S. COMPANY I TEAM COMING. Company I of Rochester will send its crack basketball team to this city on Thursday evening for a game with Company B. The Company I team was recently suspended by the A. A. U., but, like the Company B five, it has never been registered and has never played a registered team, so that the suspension entails no hardship in either case. ITS MEMBERSHIP. The membership of the High school orchestra, which has lately come rapidly to the front as a musical organization, is as follows: Harold Parker, leader, first violin; William Bennett and Harry Dowd, second violins; Joseph Hodgdon, clarinet; William Schmidt and Ralph Hoyt, cornets; Charles Robbins, trombone; John Craig, flute; Hazen Caswell, drummer. BOUGHT LIVE OAK TIMBER. Among the lots disposed of at the sale of condemned stores at the navy yard on Tuesday was about 2,000,000 feet of live oak timber, which has laid in the timber dock for years. This was purchased by Maj. David Urch for \$1500. Only a few of the bids were opened on Tuesday. The remaining ones will be inspected today. Month After Month a cold sticks, and seems to tear holes in your throat. Are you aware that even a stubborn and long-neglected cold is cured with Allen's Lung Balsam? Cough and worry no longer. THROWN FROM HIS TEAM. Charles E. Walker was thrown from his team on State street, near Middle, this morning, by a sudden slew, but fortunately was not hurt. The horse ran away down State street to Water, where he was stopped. HEART PARTY. A complimentary heart party in charge of E. Percy Stoddard is one of the social attractions for this evening. The affair will be held in Rechabite hall. Horace Rowe will furnish music. CHINAMEN MAKE MERRY. Tuesday night was New Year's eve, according to the Chinese calendar and it was celebrated in true oriental style by the Celestials of this city. Sumptuous feasts were served in several of the laundries of this city. For Over Sixty Years. Mrs. Winslow's RHUMING SYRUP has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child, opens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. There is great demand for coke in this city.

Mating at the Naval Academy. The public has been led to believe that hazing at our military academies was brought to a close by the West Point investigations a few years ago. That this belief was not well founded is shown by the reports of the breaking of a naval cadet's jaw in a hazing fight at Annapolis the other day. From the printed accounts it appears that the third class men at the Naval academy have a habit of "running" certain cadets of the fourth class, the latest entries. A youngster will incur the dislike of an upper class man, and the latter proceeds to organize a sentiment against his junior. Sometimes the entire class takes up the case and makes the life of the fourth class man miserable with taunts and gibes and open insults. At last he is forced to fight out of self respect, and a man of approximate size is selected from the third class, and these two engage in a duel with fists. There is no personal quarrel between them. In the case in hand the participants in the fight had no personal enmity. Cadet Pearson, fourth class, was the object of third class dislike, and Cadet Bladell was picked as a proper opponent and was forced under class rules to fight whether or no. This is a more tyrannical and despicable system of hazing than the old fashioned rough and tumble process through which cadets were often compelled to go in their course through the first year. It is a species of cowardice and cruelty wholly unbecoming to the young men whom the United States educates to defend the honor of the country and should be stopped at once. Doubtless Secretary Moody will take vigorous steps to eradicate this contemptible form of hazing from the academy. Marconi's Latest Triumph. The degree of perfection to which Signor Marconi has brought his system of wireless telegraphy was illustrated the other day in the sending by President Roosevelt of a message of sixty-four words across the Atlantic to King Edward of England. The wireless message was sent between Wellfleet, on Cape Cod, and Poldhu, on the Cornish coast of England. In accomplishing this feat Marconi has surprised himself as well as the rest of the world, as it has been the general impression that his transmitters and receivers had a longer apprenticeship to serve before so elaborate messages could be vibrated through 3,000 miles of quivering ether. One can scarcely realize the significance of this announcement, about the truth of which there can be no doubt. Before the full consummation of this feat the mind of man passed in strides over space—in strides only, since cables must painfully be laid beneath the sea and poles and wires slowly erected over mountains and jungles before the message could be transmitted. Now the message asks for no touch with earth; it flies at man's will. It is not over seas alone that wireless messages are to be sent. Already the Cape to Cairo railway people are preparing to jump the African jungles by the wireless methods. Messages from our new bonanza fields of Alaska will leap the icy deserts of the arctic by the same means. Truly, the world seems to be on the threshold of a prodigious scientific triumph, which promises to revolutionize the transmission of intelligence throughout the earth. Though rather late in coming, there is to be a Henry Ward Beecher memorial, a prominent Brooklyn man having pledged \$10,000 for that purpose, to which other generous subscriptions are being added. It is to be in the nature of a Beecher museum. The idea is a simple white marble house near Plymouth church, 30 by 50 feet, an option having already been obtained on the ground. One purpose is to remove the body of Beecher to the spot, on the theory that his dust should be there. The successor of Beecher, Dr. Hillis, wants to have the reburial of Beecher to occur and erect above the tomb a memorial room, with his portraits, his manuscripts, his old pulpit and chairs, his writing desk, the manuscript of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Lyman Beecher's old pulpit from which he preached the sermon on "Dueling" after the death of Hamilton and the five sermons on "Intemperance," with everything related to the career of Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn. Mary A. Livermore says that she never knew a woman who drank. Mrs. Livermore is to be congratulated upon the character of her circle of acquaintances, though it would appear to be somewhat limited. Evidently Mascagni is not one of the foreign musicians who will linger at the gangplank to tell the reporters how much they regret leaving America. The sultan of Morocco is said to be especially partial to bicycle riding. He is also out of date in some other respects. Apparently the threats of legislation have not depreciated trust stocks to any perceptible degree.

Chrysanthemums AND Cut Flowers —AT— R. E. Hannaford's FLORIST, Newcastle Avenue, TELEPHONE CON. FIRES Are Sure To Happen. Look out for them this winter, when so many wood fires are being kindled. Are you insured? If not you had better let us write you an insurance policy on your house or furniture. Drop a postal and we will call. FRANK D. BUTLER, Real Estate and Insurance 3 Market Street. Your Winter Suit Should be WELL MADE. It should be STYLISH And PERFECT FIT. The largest assortment of UP-TO-DATE SAMPLES to be shown in the city. Cleansing, Turning And Pressing a Specialty. D. O'LEARY, Bridge Street. Old Furniture Made New. Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little. Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions And Coverings. R. H. HALL Hanover Street, Near Market. The Evening Herald A live local paper. Entertaining, but not sensational. HOME, not street circulation. Only one edition daily hence— Every copy a family readers F. A. ROBBINS, UPHOLSTERER 38 MARKET ST